

The best nursing care is only a phone call away



WHEN NURSING CARE IS NEEDED — YOU WILL WANT THE BEST — AND YOU SHOULD HAVE THE BEST!

MEDICAL PERSONNEL POOL'S REPUTA-TION HAS BEEN BUILT ON PERFORMANCE.

OUR COORDINATORS ARE LICENSED

NURSES WHO ARE CAPABLE OF COUNSELING WITH YOU OR YOUR DOCTOR.

OUR NURSE EMPLOYEES ARE KNOWN BY THEIR RECORD OF PERFORMANCE — AND ARE INSURED AND BONDED.

PLEASE CALL TO ASK WHAT "INSURED AND BONDED" MEANS. WE WILL NAME COMPANIES AND POLICY NUMBERS. IN FACT WE WILL SEND CERTIFICATES OF INSURANCE . . .

WE WISH MORE CLIENTS WOULD ASK.

NIGHT OR DAY . . . CALL

655-8622 PALM BEACH 391-8439 BOCA RATON

OFFICES IN OTHER FLORIDA CITIES

CLEARWATER
FT. LAUDERDALE
HOLLYWOOD
JACKSONVILLE
MIAMI

ORLANDO SARASOTA ST. PETERSBURG STUART TAMPA



THE LARGEST NURSING PERSONNEL SERVICE IN FLORIDA

no deposit ... no return

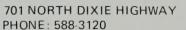


Worth Avenue A National Bank

PALM BEACH 305 / 655-3900 MEMBER F.D.I.C.

MAGGIE ALAN, INC. ——INTERIORS———





LAKE WORTH, FLORIDA 33460



PAPILLON



Needlepoint...a Rug of Silhouetted Shells

The newest and most exciting addition to our exclusive shell collection. Please specify monochromatic color preference. 4' octagon # 10 canvas. Original hand-painted design, Persian yarns, needles, instructions. ppd. 380.00



NEW FULL COLOR CATALOGUE 32 PAGES 3.00

375 Pharr Road, N.E. / Atlanta, Ga. 30305

DATELINE: palm beach

he women of Palm Beach have always been the driving force behind all efforts to make this island a very special place to live. It was the women of the town who began a drive to build a schoolhouse. That was back in 1885.

Years later another group of women took the animals of the community under their protective custody and organized the Animal Rescue League of the Palm Beaches. That was 50 years ago and the occasion was celebrated this summer with all the pomp and circumstance befitting such a milestone.

Mrs. E.T. Stotesbury was one of the founding members. So was Mrs. Charles S. Slokom who still serves as editor of its monthly publication, *Four Paws*.

Charter members also included Mrs. Julia H. Glidden and Cooper C. Lightbown, a former mayor of Palm Beach.

The picture has changed since those early days when cages were constructed out of orange crates for a shelter which housed at the most 30 animals at a time. Today the league cares for approximately 15,000 animals each year.

The one thing which hasn't changed through the years is the concern these people feel for the animals under their care. Palm Beach is a beautiful place filled with people with beautiful hearts.

We look backward again in the August issue of *Palm Beach Life* with Christopher Salisbury's story about the founding of the Everglades Club. The same Cooper C. Lightbown who was active in forming the Animal Rescue League was also the contractor who transformed the dreams of Addison Mizner and Paris Singer into solid stone at the foot of Worth Avenue.

The Salisbury story makes it abundantly obvious that Cooper C. Lightbown had to have been something of a diplomat as well as an animal lover to cope with these two erratic genii. People who knew him insist on the validity of the claim that Mizner was a firm believer in drawing the plans after the building was constructed, an architectural quirk which must have caused Mr. Lightbown more than a few anxious moments.

The August issue also takes the reader up in the air and away from the mundane with two stories on ballooning. Mary Scott King tells us the way it is in New Mexico and Jim Esposito brings us up to the minute on the action all the way from Nebraska to Fort Lauderdale.

We've dedicated a good deal of emphasis to the wonderful city of Atlanta. Yolande Gwin takes the reader on a tour of the shopping areas and some delightful restaurants. According to Yolande, it's not unusual for Atlantans to dine on Chicken Pontalba while listening to Dixieland jazz and watching the Peachtree Strutters parade around the dining room.

People dine well in Atlanta.

For a change of pace we've added Betty Lowry's story about English country houses. People dine very well there, too. The ambience in these establishments is considerably more leisurely. According to Miss Lowry, "A pre-neon, pre-plastic world brings out the gentry in all of us."





Palm Beach Interiors _{INC.}

MRS. LEWIS JOSEPH, ASID

114 N. County Road Palm Beach, Florida 305/832-3461



Interior Designer, Mrs. Lewis Joseph ASID

has one of the most interesting shops in Palm Beach giving a fresh approach to interior design. Mrs. Joseph, a leading designer formerly of B. Altman in N.Y. has designed many of the lovely homes and apartments in town. Specializing in designing some of her own fabrics and wallpapers. Her shop is noted for the marvelous collection of paintings and lithographs by Chagall, Miro and many other well known artists. Also, a collection of authentic oriental objets d' art.

Residential • Yachts • Commercial

Palm Beach LIFE

Published by Palm Beach Newspapers, Inc.

Cecil B. Kelley President-Publisher Kathryn Robinette

Jacqueline Mitchell

C. C. Salisbury Asst. to the Editor

Anne Wholf

Katharine Downing Asst. to the Art Director

Larry Lower Advertising Director William R. Rodgers Retail Advertising Douglas C. Peach National Advertising

AUGUST, 1975

VOL. 68, No. 8

DEPARTMENTS

- 2 DATELINE: PALM BEACH
- 5 BOOKS by Ruth Kaltenborn
- 6 SHOPPER'S PREVUE
- 52 WALKING AROUND with the Pedestrian
- 62 YOU AND YOUR SIGN by James Laklan

FEATURES

- 9 ATLANTA: A FEAST OF FETES AND FLOWERS by Yolande Gwin
- 10 NEW YORK: INS AND OUTS OF THE SUMMER SEASON by Louis George
- 14 CALIFORNIA: BETTY FORD "WOMAN OF THE YEAR" by Bernice Pons
- 16 LITTLE CITIES WITHIN A BIG CITY by Yolande Gwin
- 18 ALOFT WITH THE ALBUQUERQUE AEROSTAT ASCENSION ASSOCIATION by Mary Scott King
- 22 THOSE MAGNIFICENT MEN IN THEIR HOT AIR BALLOONS by Jim Esposito
- 32 TURNIP GREENS TO TEMPURA by Yolande Gwin
- 38 THE FOUNDING OF THE EVERGLADES CLUB by Christopher Salisbury
- 42 AN ENGLISHMAN'S HOME IS YOUR CASTLE by Betty Lowry
- 50 TEXAS: TACA'S BICENTENNIAL WARM-UP by Harriet Weaver
- 57 A LONG ISLAND WEDDING

TRAVEL

46 THE VAST LAND by Louis George

GOURMET

40 CHESTNUTS — WHO NEEDS AN OPEN FIRE? by Rosa Tusa

FASHION

28 SUPER SUMMER COVER-UPS by Jacqueline Mitchell



ON OUR COVER — The giant, 60 ft. diameter balloon "Roadrunner" is an awesome sight soaring into the New Mexican skies. Photo by Mark Nohl.

Represented Nationally by SAWYER-FERGUSON-WALKER CO.

New York Boston Chicago Detroit Philadelphia Atlanta

Charlotte Minneapolis Dallas Los Angeles San Francisco



PALM BEACH LIFE is published monthly, except for the combined September-October issue. Headquarters, 265 Royal Poinciana Way, Palm Beach, Fla. 33480. Copyright 1975 by Palm Beach Life. Entered at Tallahassee December 15, 1906. Second class postage paid at Palm Beach, Fla. Single issue \$1.00 per copy on newsstand; by mail \$1.25. Subscription (12 issues), \$11.00.

BOOKS

By RUTH KALTENBORN

Great literature is not born in a vacuum.

What would Gustave Flaubert, the creator of Madame Bovary, make of a young wife who goes off for a fling while her older husband baby-sits with their children until she is ready to return?

What would Tolstoy, whose Anna Karenina died for love, think of a woman who leaves her husband of 27 years because she does not believe she can become a serious sculptor in the \$20,000 studio he has built for her?

"Anomie" is a word that is coming more and more into modern literature to describe the condition of present-day society. It derives from a Greek word meaning lawlessness. In our latter-day interpretation, it is used to define our anxious awareness of the irrelevance of society's values to oneself, a condition marked by the absence of moral standards. If God is dead, anything is possible. In these days apparently anything goes — and art, if not life, is the worse for it.

Anomie is the key to two new books — Hers, a first novel by the eminent English critic A. Alvarez, and Crucial Conversations by the veteran American writer May Sarton.

Let it be said immediately these are not great books — but they are important because they purport to reflect the life, experience and problems of people in our times.

A. Alvarez has spun yet another story out of the eternal triangle, set in these times when morals have gone hopelessly astray. This is not the exploration of a grand passion but a rather sorry tale of the young wife of an eminent professor who, out of a certain malaise, drifts into an affair with one of her husband's students.

Hers is much ado about nothing. The heroine Julie is distinctly forget-table; her lovers, Sam and Kurt, are of small interest. Only the husband is memorable.

English professor Charles Stone is a solid, conventional man who has risen to a position of eminence from deprived, miserable beginnings. He is a generation older than the German waif he married but he is no fool.

The most fascinating part of this book comes in the beginning. To amuse his wife, whom he suspects of having an affair, the professor asks a promising student home for the evening. After a pleasant enough dinner he goes upstairs to his study for some cigars. "Halfway down he paused. The drawing room door was half open and he could see Sam and Julie (his wife) standing silently on each side of the fireplace. A charming tableau. Innocence and maturity modern style: the young graduate student too shy and inept to make conversation and the tolerant wife, politely bored by his gaucheness. He smiled condescendingly. Yet somehow they didn't look constricted by the silence. and suddenly he realized they were perfectly at ease in this hiatus as though they knew each other too well to need to talk . . . So it's him, thought Charles.'

What to do about it? Maybe she should go abroad for her health? She looks a little peaked. A visit to a clinic in Germany? Just the thing. Of course, her young lover throws his career to the winds and follows only to find Julie intrigued with yet another.

The professor, deserted and desolate, washes down a handful of pills with large glasses of booze — but nothing comes of it. He does not die. He gets sick. (Doctors now prescribe sleeping pills with built-in emetics to prevent such "accidental" deaths.)

Since death does not solve his problem, there does not seem to be much else to do but sit around and wait for Julie to come home.

In the 19th century, people, however misguided, believed in something, some standards. Since Freud and the era of psychoanalysis and the writers who followed him, much has been torn down. But what has been built up? What new standards of conduct have emerged? "Let us love one another and work," declares Alvarez. But in his book there is little love and very little work.

May Sarton's heroine, Poppy, in

Crucial Conversations wants to work all right but, in the fashion of modern-day women, she imposes some pretty impossible conditions which leave her husband irritated and bewildered.

This book opens with a letter written by Poppy to her husband in which she declares, "I have decided a separation is necessary if I am ever to become a whole human being . . . We have not understood one another for a long time . . . You have never taken me seriously as an artist . . . It is a long time since I have felt like an authentic human being."

The letter goes on to blame the Vietnam war, Watergate, the public ethos and her husband's business success for her unhappiness. One thing is clear — she wants out.

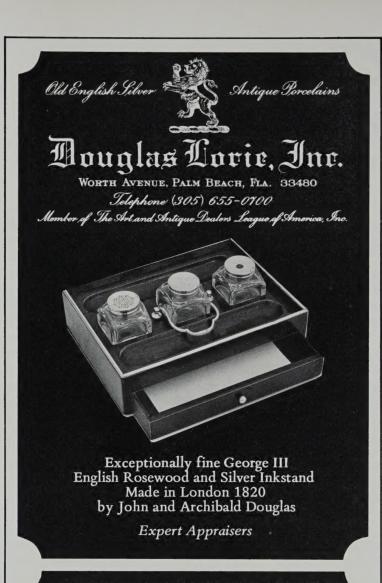
Can one conceive of Madame Bovary writing such a letter? Not too long ago only a grande passion pardoned one who broke the marriage contract. Now, any old excuse will do.

Another point about Poppy should be made. Though she disapproves of the methods by which her husband makes money, she wants a hefty alimony from him to set her up in her new life.

The only thing that is crucial about May Sarton's *Crucial Conversations* is that things have come to a pretty pass when Poppy's actions can be explained away because "whatever has been happening in this country for the last 10 years has affected every one of us, has eaten into us, has somehow undermined faith in anything and everything . . . Poppy has really been going through a religious conversion."

Both A. Alvarez and May Sarton have distinguished reputations as writers but, alas, today they lack inspiration and the insight to find proper, suitable subject matter and natural characters.

This age is characterized not by great conflicts and confrontations, not by crime and punishment and not by worlds lost for love. It is a time of widespread and pervasive anomie, not the stuff of which great books are made.





of

Douglas Lovie, Inc.

Worth Avenue · 10 Via Parigi · Palm Beach



"Kristina and Child"

Third in the International studies by Edna Hibel depicting "the qualities of . . . love . . . found between a mother and her child"

Bone China by Royal Doulton \$50

From the most extensive collection of prestige China, Crystal and Silver in Palm Beach

SHOPPER'S prevue

Graceful white lacquered armchair is \$295 at Palm Beach Interiors, Inc., 114 N. County Road, Palm Beach.





Centerpiece with rare shells from all over the world. 14" wide, 12" high, it's \$395 at Frances Lee Kennedy, 141 N. County Road, Palm Beach.

For love of the game, a 14K yellow gold, green and white enamel backgammon board on a chain. \$285 at Darrah Cooper, Inc., Royal Poinciana Plaza, Palm Beach.





Imported lighting fixture for ceiling, wall or table, 24" in dia. \$225 at Maggie Alan, Inc., 701 N. Dixie Hwy., Lake Worth, Fla.

SHOPPER'S prevue



Sheridan silver fluted coffee urn, 25 cup capacity. \$96 at Wilson's Jewelry, Inc., 501 Federal Hwy., Lake Park, Fla.

The "Abigail Adams"
plate, paired with
"Patrick Henry," a
limited edition.
The pair is \$150 at
Douglas Lorie, Inc.,
334 Worth Ave.,
Palm Beach.

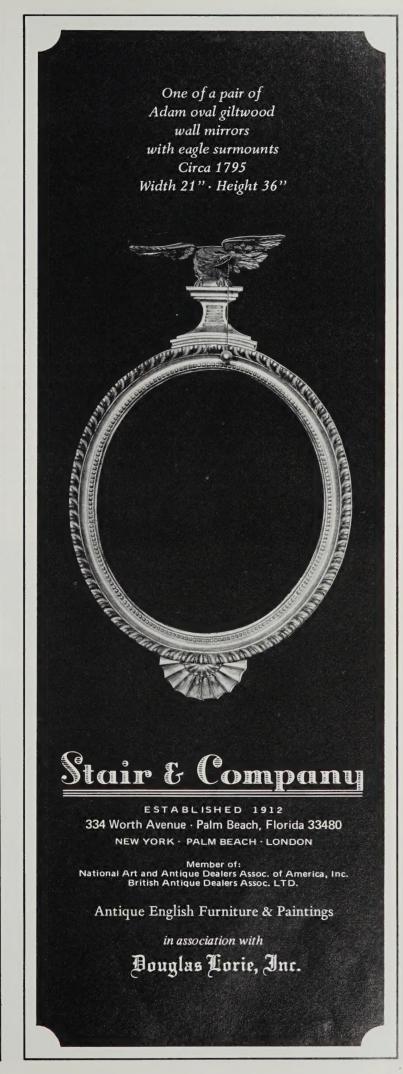




A set of four folding tables with Formica butterfly design tops. The set is \$80 at Isabel's, Etc., 234 S. County Road, Palm Beach.

A trio of color-true ducks, hand-carved and hand-painted. They're \$175 each at Holland Salley Interiors, 350 Fifth Ave. S., Naples, Fla.







AT HOME WITH MARIA RUDMAN A.S.I.D.

Speaking of decorating . . . Maria Rudman believes a complete layout of the rooms before purchasing any furniture will give you the ultimate in design, color coordinates and complete satisfaction in living comforts.

286 S. County Road

Palm Beach

305/659-3249

Telephone 659-4527



The Pampered Hostess

391 Cocoanut Row Palm Beach, Florida 33480

SHOPPER'S prevue

A serious Baby Leopard, 19"x16", worked in natural colors. He's \$85 at Jean Pittinos, 108 N. County Road, Palm Beach.





Traditional wicker mates with modern in the wee wickertree chair. It's \$165 at Worrell's Interiors, Royal Poinciana Plaza, Palm Beach.

A 6" tall ship's
decanter in fine
crystal. One of a
series of miniatures,
from \$10 to \$25 at
The Modern Shop, 10
Via Parigi, Palm Beach.





From Italy, a perky yellow, green and white ceramic bird. It's \$59.95 at Flair Furniture, 1628 Hwy. 1, Tequesta, Fla.

Wild Birds, an original decoupage and repousse handbag is \$70 at Annie Laurie Originals, 1410 10th St., Lake Park, Fla.



A Feast of Fetes and Flowers

hree "happenings" in Atlanta have had a profound impact on many facets of the city's future.

Although the handsome new (built at a cost of around \$2 million) archives building of the Atlanta Historical Society will not be formally opened until the fall, there was a ribbon cutting to open one room just recently.

Mrs. Julian Carr, a member of the Cherokee Garden Club of Atlanta, suggested that the archives building house a library which would be a complete repository of information on horticulture and landscape design of this region. The idea was accepted by the Atlanta Historical Society and the library is now open to the public. Books have been donated as gifts in memory of loved ones and friends.

At the dedication ceremony, two leather-bound volumes of *The Villas of*

the Brenta published in Milan, Italy in 1933, were presented by Mrs. T. Irving Gresham in memory of her mother, Mrs. Jean Bienvenu, the first president of the Cherokee Garden Club.

A copy of Wild Flowers of the Southeast was entered into the library shelves by the club members in honor of Mrs. Carr, whose idea of the library became a reality. Mrs. Edward Shirley is president of the garden club, and the incoming president is Mrs. A.D. Adair Jr.

Atlanta's Speech School, aiding children with speech disabilities, is one of the largest in the nation. Members of the guild of the school, a group of prominent Atlanta women headed by Mrs. Alex Wilson Jr., will add to the school's financial assets when they present a fashion gala and champagne-buffet here Sept. 27 at Neiman-Marcus.

Members of the speech school guild, members of the board and representatives of Neiman-Marcus were honored at the kick-off cocktail party given by Atlanta bachelor and devoted friend of the speech school, D. C. Jackson Jr., at his elegant home on Tuxedo Road.

Another new Atlanta milestone is the arrival of the Consul-General of Japan, Kazuo Chiba.

Consul-General and Mrs. Chiba have just moved into the official Japanese residence here, the former Georgian home of Jack Rice on Blackland Road.

Their official party celebrated the birthday of Japan's Emperor Hirohito. Six hundred Atlantans were invited. And it might be added, all 600 attended.

And speaking of royal birthday parties, there was a large garden reception honoring Her Majesty, Queen Elizabeth II of England, given in mid-June. Members of the Atlanta Chapter of the English-Speaking Union, of which Idabella Prather is president, gave the party at the Dunbarton Court home of British Consul Francis Kennedy and Mrs. Kennedy.







Cooper Inc.

Also at Lake Placid Club.

WRIGHT & SEATON

INCORPORATED

Insurance Agency

FOR ALL FORMS
OF INSURANCE

CLYDE H. SEATON
J. HORTON McCAMPBELL
CLYDE H. SEATON, JR.
HOWARD V. E. HANSON
JULIAN J. PLATZ
JERRY C. WALTON

251 ROYAL PALM WAY PALM BEACH, FLA. 655-0600

New York

Ins and Outs of the Summer Season

n New York there really is very little doubt left in the mind just when summer peaks, and this season is no exception. No matter what the weather may do, New Yorkers flee the island for weekends in Saratoga, Bucks County, the Poconos, and of course Long Island, where right-minded charities follow-the-leader, naturally.

Hamptons hit the highpoint on Sunday, Aug. 24 with the Southampton Hospital benefit which will be appropriately held in a handsome tent on the grounds of the Southampton Inn. Mrs. George S. Johnston, nee Cogswell one of the most venerable of Southampton families — is co-chairman with Mrs. Thomas W. Phipps. You recall Mary was a Chesebro, and spouse Tom a schoolmate of Angier Biddle Duke. During the last decade the Southampton Hospital Benefit has been led by Mrs. Robert F. Carney, Mrs. Chester Dale, Mrs. William Hutton, Mrs. Serge Obolensky, but you remember most of that, bien sur!

Speaking of French, what could possibly be more francaise than the Chanel Fashion Show held at the Pierre, to benefit the American Cancer Fund. It was all fashionably fun, with attendance of honorary chairmen Mrs. Nelson "Happy" Rockefeller and Mme. Jacques Kosciusko-Morizet. Heading the event were Mrs. George J. Feldman, Mrs. Claude Arpels and Mrs. Henri Bendel. Very prominent on the scene and chic were Mesdames Gerald Ford, Abraham D. Beame and Gerard Gaussen.

The American Cancer Society Benefit starred 80 models from the Chanel haute couture collection. One door prize was a Chanel suit, and every guest received the newest fragrance, Chanel 19. The sweet scent of success did bring out Gotham's 500-plus including Mary Lasker, Pauline Trigere — mais oui, Mrs. T. Markoe Robertson, Mrs. George Zauderer, Mrs. John Goulandris, Mrs. Emil Mosbacher Jr. — well, they just looked like a million.

The figure does bring to mind summertime's Million Dollar Ball, which did make a lot of dollars and cents for the Waldemar Research Foundation. Pictured on that scene was Mrs J. C. Penney in pearls, with Dr. Norman Molomut, the scientific director of the research foundation, and Peggy Keenan Jernigan. Others most active among so many were Mrs. H. Donald Sills, Mrs. Woolworth Donahue, Robert Keith Gray, Baroness Constantine Stackelberg, Gustavus Ober, Paul Wilmot and Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Hilton.

Manhattan has its light, bright, cool side, too. Central Park Lake now boasts six shiny yellow paddleboats for the adventurous lake-faring set. Cultural buffs, who missed the out-of-town previews in Boston and Washington, will hasten to the mid-August opening at the Shubert Theatre of the new play, The Red Devil Battery Sign by Tennessee Williams, featuring Claire Bloom, Anthony Quinn and memorable Katy Jurado.

Manhattan newsmakers redound on every side. James Levine has been named music director of the Metropolitan Opera by William Rockefeller, president of the association. Mr. Levine is scheduled to conduct Der Rosenkavalier, Aida and Ariadne auf Naxos during the 1975-76 season.

Culture and charity join hands in a number of ways in Gotham. Following what turned into a spectacular outing on a Moran harbor tugboat, Mrs. Vincent Astor announced a grant of \$1 million to the South Street Seaport Museum. It is the gateway for another major charity activity since the Vincent Astor Foundation set the condition that the museum raise a matching \$2.5 million. Meanwhile, at Sutton Square, Julie Harris and Jane Murchison held a smart Sunday soiree to announce plans for a fall gala to benefit the Outreach Program which benefits healthy children of leprosy victims in Asia.

Charitable challenge just ahead is the Aug. 23 Robert F. Kennedy Memorial Pro-Celebrity Tennis Tournament slated at the Forest Hills Westside Tennis Club. Honorary chairmen are Sen. Ted Kennedy and Mrs. Robert Kennedy. The chairmen of the major event are Joseph F. Cullman III, William Barry, Mrs. Alan King and Bill Cosby. The RFK Memorial in Washington benefits underprivileged children

Another major moment in Manhattan that left lingering memories was the 29th Anniversary Awards dinner at the Plaza to benefit the Skowhegan School of Painting and Sculpture. The Skowhegan Gertrude Vanderbilt Whitney Award was presented by Mrs. G. Macculloch Miller, honorary chairman of the Whitney Museum, to C. Douglas Dillon. Also most active on the scene were Robert O. Anderson, Mrs. McCauley Conner, Charles Crehore Cunningham and Mrs. Adelyn Dohme Breeskin. Artists honored were Jim Dine. Allan Kaprow, Richard Serra and Clyfford Still.

Of course all New Yorkers didn't stay close to home this summer. Talk will surely be about England this winter, thanks to Mrs. Edward V. Milholland Jr. who organized an itinerary to Churchill's England for a group of her friends. Charity is at the foundation of it all, as Mrs. Milholland is chairman of the Ladies National Committee for the Winston Churchill Memorial and Library in Fulton, Mo.

Following the leader to such spots as Chartwell Manor — Sir Winston's country home — Blenheim Place, his birthplace, the American Museum in



Mrs. G. Macculloch Miller and C. Douglas Dillon at the Skowhegan dinner. (Rancou)

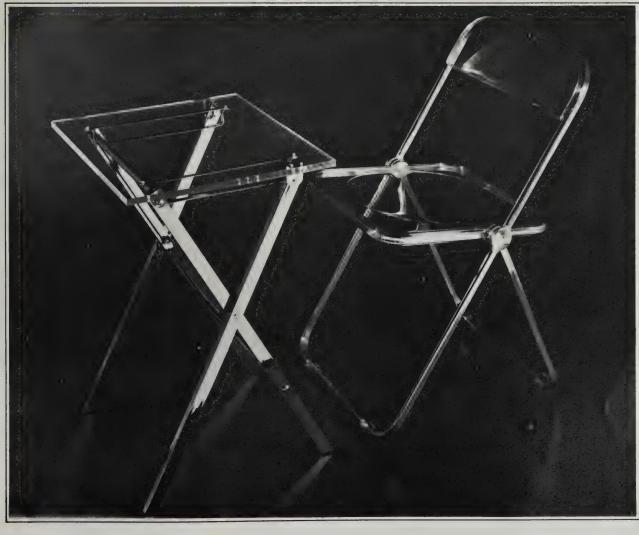
Britain at Claverton Manor, and even the flower show at Royal Hospital, Chelsea, were Mrs. Frank K. Sanders of New York, Mrs. Thomas W. Streeter Jr. of Morristown, as well as Mrs. Detlow M. Marthinson from Washington, Mrs. Thomas K. Byrne from Birmingham, and Miss Alethea H. Whitney from Salisbury, Md.

Probably as promising as imagin-

able is the New York City Opera fall season opening Aug. 27, a great bridge into the new season. Opening night will be Richard Strauss' Salome. The first of two new productions will be Gaetano Donizetti's The Daughter of the Regiment, and friendly Marie will be played by magnificent Beverly Sills. Enrico Di Giuseppe is Tonio. The other new piece is Wagner's Die Meistersinger with Hans Sachs sung by Norman Bailey making his debut, and Eva sung by Johanna Meier. Two revivals are Britten's Turn of the Screw and Gilbert and Sullivan's H.M.S. Pinafore.

Think not that Gotham has abandoned the art world. The Museum of Modern Art has caused a sensation with the show of 30 works by famed British sculptor Anthony Caro. Organized in cooperation with the Boston Museum of Fine Art, key works are from the 1960-1970 period.

Another Manhattan art world consolation is the major exhibition of more than 100 works by Marc Chagall, on view at the Solomon Guggenheim Museum through Christmas week. Featured here is a prime selection of 14 major oil paintings, selected by Jean Leymarie of the Ecole du Louvre, Paris.



PLIA
from Italy
features
the
ultimate
in
tables and chairs
in
clear
plexiglass
and
chrome
at

Labela

234 South County Rd. 305/655-5394 Palm Beach

11

Worth Avenue



In a world which has seen a decline in elegance, Worth Avenue remains a mecca for the discriminating shopper. Superior shops with an international flavor and clientele offer a potpourri of fine products and services in an atmosphere of relaxed Old World charm. Worth Avenue remains the touchstone against which all others are judged.

Head To Toe "etc."

Most Fascinating
Boutique
Variety,
Individuality Plus

400 Hibiscus Avenue 1 Blk north of Worth Avenue Walton'S
GENTLEMEN'S APPAREL

225 WORTH AVE. PALM BEACH

Recognizable quality fashions for the discriminating man OPEN YEAR 'ROUND OPEN YEAR AROUND

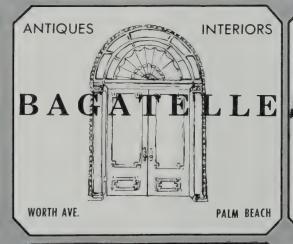
"Beautiful Clothes for Women"

Harold Grant

PALM BEACH

BOCA RATON
PETOSKEY

NORTH PALM BEACH





Boy's Clothing

224-A Worth Avenue

Palm Beach • 655-0130

Wally Findlay Galleries 175 Worth Ave.

Specializing in

French Masters

IMPRESSIONISTS
FAUVES
POST-IMPRESSIONISTS
MODERN MASTERS

HOURS: MON.-SAT. 9:30-5:30 • 655-2090

MAGNIFICENT PALM BEACH If it's Real Estate you're after

Consult the firm who has sold and leased the finest!

There is only one



219 WORTH AVENUE,

PALM BEACH, FLA. 33480

305 655-5484

LILLY PULITZER

11 VIA MIZNER PALM BEACH

VAN ZANDT

200 WORTH AVENUE around the corner on S. County Rd.

Distinctive Apparel POLO TED LAPIDUS DANIEL HECHTER

305/659-5572





Worth

National Bank



Weekdays 9:00 to 2:30
Drive In 9:00 to 5:00
Saturday (Drive In Only) 10 to 3
Member F.D.I.C.



open all year 'round

300 WORTH AVENUE, PALM BEACH 305-655-6744

AU BON GOUT OPEN ALL SUMMER

For Members and Guests Only

Membership Information

Available upon request

VIA MIZNER

655-5917



PALM BEACH

Jashion Jootwear

245 WORTH AVE. PALM BEACH PHONE 655-5732

On Worth Avenue since 1947

247 WORTH AVENUE PALM



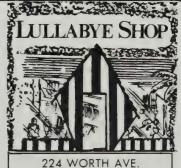
PHONE: (305) 655-5611

247 WORTH AVENUE PALM BEACH, FLORIDA

Elijateth Arden

351 Worth Avenue

Closed on Mondays for the summer



Infants - Boys to 7 - Girls to 14

OPEN YEAR ROUND

Branch - Breakers Béach Club 24 YEARS IN PALM BEACH fashions for Men & Women 329 WORTH AVE PALM BEACH THE LARGEST SELECTION OF SPORTSWEAR IN THE PALM BEACHES OPEN YEAR 'ROUND

Martha

230 WORTH AVENUE, PALM BEACH, FLORIDA 655-4492

Petite Marmite Restaurant

& Cocktail Lounge

FAMOUS CONTINENTAL CUISINE Honored by Holiday Dining Awards

Luncheon and Dinner open every day year around

WORTH AVENUE

PALM BEACH

Reservations 655-0550



GUCCI

209 WORTH AVENUE and 256 WORTH AVENUE

OPEN YEAR ROUND

PALM BEACH

655-6955

FRANCES LEE KENNEDY, A.S.I.D.
INTERIORS OF DISTINCTION



Custom Made Sofa or Sleep Sofa Four Week Delivery

Selected imports for immediate delivery.

Tastefully blending the unique and exquisite in fine fabrics, furniture and decorations to achieve the ultimate in The Palm Beach or The European manner.

Unusual Shells
Shell Arrangements ● Shell Mirrors

Paramount Theatre Building 141 North County Road 655-7898

Palm Beach Ticker-Tape

Just off the tape!

For lease

EXCLUSIVE BREAKERS ROW (just north of the hotel)

A new concept in apartment living

FOUR

MAGNIFICENT BUILDINGS

1, 2 and 3 bedroom apartments Ocean & Golf Course Views

Completion Date Fall of 1976

Contact exclusive leasing agent

Cowen Jearing

Realto

219 Worth Ave.

655-5484

California

By BERNICE PONS

Betty Ford — "Woman of the Year"

Mrs. Gerald Ford's unaffected beauty and charm endeared her to the California Southland when she came to Los Angeles to accept the National Art Association's "Distinguished Woman of the Year Award."

The formal elegance of the association's gala Americana Dinner in the Beverly Wilshire Hotel's Grand Ballroom honoring the First Lady was without precedent in opulence.

Wearing a Capraro sheer, lavender, floral-print dinner gown with matching capelet that reached just below the waistline, lavender shoes and crystal droplet earrings, the First Lady's attractiveness was complemented by the tens of thousands of Cymbidium orchids massed on the tables and throughout the ballroom. Mrs. Bert Bergess Malouf, her son Robert and daughters Mrs. Gerald Lowell Hall and Mrs. Lewis M. Keegan gathered the flowers from the Maloufs' extensive orchid gardens on their two-acre family estate in Holmby Hills.

Mrs. Leonard K. Firestone acted as patroness chairman from her busy post in Brussels where her husband is the U.S. ambassador to Belgium.

Mrs. Robert Johns Clark, chairman of the evening, is the only member in Southern California of the Fine

Arts Committee of the State Department in Washington, D.C. "Midge" Clark wore a Giorgio di Sant'Angelo long-sleeved, form-fitting dress of white crepe with floor-length ties of red and blue, carrying out the evening's Americana theme all the way. Her co-chairmen were Mrs. Robert Finch and Mrs. Arthur "Art" Linkletter.

The \$150-a-couple dinner benefited the Fine Arts Committee of the State Department's "Americana Project." For the first time in history the Department of State has, in its new building in Washington, handsome reception rooms in which the secretary of state receives and entertains the leading figures of the world. More internationally prominent persons are entertained here than in any other rooms in the United States, as they are also used for official functions by the President, Vice President, the Chief Justice and members of the Cabinet.

The Fine Arts Committee, since 1961, has been embarked on a long-range voluntary program to furnish these diplomatic rooms with handsome American antique furniture, original oil paintings of historic events and other examples of the decorative arts.

Betty Ford's interests focus on the arts so it was especially fitting that she



Art Linkletter, Mrs. Ronald Reagan, Mrs. Frances O'Farrell and Mrs. Thomas Malouf (left to right) in front of Mrs. O'Farrell's portrait of First Lady Mrs. Gerald Ford. (Hoover)

be honored on this occasion. The "Distinguished Woman of the Year Award" for 1975 was presented to her by NAA president Florence Malouf (extremely chic in a white silk crepe, gold-girdled dinner dress by Estevez, who was present at the dinner). Previous "Woman of the Year" recipients are Mrs. Ronald Reagan, Mrs. Clare Boothe Luce, Mrs. Norman Vincent Peale and in 1974, Mrs. William P. Rogers.

California artist Frances O'Farrell painted a life-size portrait of the First Lady. A beautiful likeness, it will hang in the White House. Nancy (Mrs. Ronald) Reagan, chic in a hand-painted Hanae Mori black chiffon (her husband was in Washington with President Ford that evening) unveiled and presented the portrait.

Mrs. Ford's speech of acceptance was sincere and simpatico and displayed her gentle and winning ways. Among those at the head table with the honoree were Mrs. Thomas Malouf, Los Angeles Mayor Tom Bradley and Mrs. Bradley, former Secretary of State and Attorney General William P. Rogers and Mrs. Rogers, former Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare Robert Finch and Mrs. Finch, Art Linkletter,



Mrs. Thomas Malouf (left) greets the First Lady at the Art Association dinner. (Hoover)

Robert Johns Clark and entertainers Helen Reddy and Jonathan Winters.

Guests dined on papaya filled with San Francisco shrimp and Green Goddess dressing (except Betty Ford who does not eat seafood so the shrimp was replaced with fresh California fruit), filet mignon, limestone and watercress salad, assorted cheeses and savarin au rhum with strawberries. Demitasse with orange peel (replaced with tea for Mrs. Ford), Louis Martini Pinot Noir and Wente Brothers Pinot Blanc comple-

mented the haute-cuisine dinner. Tiny golden matchboxes engraved with the crest of the United States of America were favors set at each place.

About the large, well-filled ballroom were Mr. and Mrs. Howard Huntington, Maurice and Paquita Machris. Bonita and Jack Wrather, Dolores and Bob Hope, Dr. and Mrs. Armand Hammer, the William Hollingsworths, Mrs. William B. Malouf of Palm Springs and Corona del Mar, Norma and John Bowles, Mrs. Reese Milner escorted by Gaylord Hauser, Onnelee and William Doheny, Mrs. Howard Ahmanson, the William H. Ahmansons down from their ranch in Calabases. George Page who escorted Marion Malouf, Jane Del Amo with Heine Cooper, the William Nassours and Mrs. J. Simon Fluor whose escort was Prince Paolo Umberto. Also, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Salvatori, Mr. and Mrs. Murray Ward, Kay and Paul Mavis, Mark Taper with Mrs. Ann Garfield, the William French Smiths of Pasadena, Marilyn and Glen McDaniel and their daughter Laurie, Mr. and Mrs. Edmund V. Ducommun, the John E. Canadays, Elsie and Frank Pollock, the Patrick J. Frawleys, plus.



Dote on Delicious Drinks? Fond of Fine Food? Mad about mellow Music? Crazy for Congenial Company?

Then visit Rel and Isabell Carta for lunch or dinner at

this is it PUB

424 24 Street · West Palm. 833-4997 Closed Sundays

Today it will be Olde England all over again.

At Willoughby's. Palm Beach's great new restaurant. With the warm, old-fashioned, comfortable atmosphere of yesterday's English hunting club. Open hearth cooking. King-size cocktails. Great service.

Willoughby's Open Hearth Restaurant. On the ocean, I block south of Worth Avenue. Serving lunch and dinner. Open Sunday from 5 p.m. Tel, 659-1766





THIS IS IT PUB, 424 24th St. Gourmets and collectors find old Palm Beach blended together here in a delightful atmosphere of good taste. Classic Italian specialties, aged beef cut to order, fresh broiled Snapper and Pompano, "Pub Scampi". Delicious hors d'oeuvres at cocktail time. Open 11:30 AM to 12 PM. Fri. & Sat. till 1:00 PM. Closed Sun. Reservations suggested 833-4997.

ADVERTISED ON THIS PAGE

WILLOUGHBY'S Open Hearth Restaurant, 456 S. Ocean Blvd., Palm Beach. Warm, plus atmosphere of an English hunting club where you may enjoy roast prime ribs of beef cooked before your eyes. Hickory-broiled baby back ribs also a specialty. Special sauces and salad dressings give you a multiple choice. Open 11:30 a.m. Mon. To Fri., Sat. from 5 p.m.

PAL'S CAPTAIN'S TABLE — Arrive by boat or car at the Captain's Table, which has 130 feet docking space in the Cove Yacht Basin. There is a wide selection of sea and fresh water fish, steaks, chops and fowl. Entertainment nightly by Heinz Zimmerman and Ray Hemms on their pianos, and organist Barbara Hemms. Lunch & dinner daily.

PETITE MARMITE, 309½ Worth Ave. Enchanting old World restaurant and cocktail lounge Famous French and Italian cuisine, rare vintage wines, cocktails and liquors. Luncheon, dinner and a la carte. Reservations 655-0550.

The restaurant tourists don't know about.

Don't miss the favorite restaurant of people who live here. The one with the marvelous chef. Shamefully rich desserts. Man-sized cocktails. Romantic on-the-water atmosphere.



Pal's Captain's Table

The restaurant on the Intracoastal Waterway. Hillsboro Beach Boulevard (S.R. 810), Deerfield Beach. For reservations: 427-4000.



OPEN YEAR ROUND

Luncheon Dinner Cocktails

Worth Avenue.

Palm Beach

Phone 655-0550

Petite Marmite

RESTAURANT & COCKTAIL LOUNGE

HONORED by "Holiday Dining Awards"



A dramatic skylight illumines a tree-lined "walkway" at the Lenox Square shopping mall. (Barnbaum) Right, brilliant color and cascading plants form a spectacular setting at Cumberland Mall. (McGee)

Atlanta Malls . . .

Little Cities Within a Big City

By YOLANDE GWIN

Shopping centers, little cities within big cities, have changed the lifestyle of America — including Atlanta.

Lenox Square, the first regional shopping center in Atlanta, opened in August, 1959, as an open mall. Today it is still the kingpin among Atlanta shopping centers. After 16 years of operation, the management has just completed a multimillion-dollar mall enclosure. A newcomer, compared to other tenants, is a Neiman-Marcus store.

Lenox Square has been compared to an old-world marketplace of traders,

but according to vice-president Chess Lagomarsino, "We have tried to capture the spirit of the hometown cracker barrel." There is an almost continuous promotion of civic, cultural and community-oriented events.

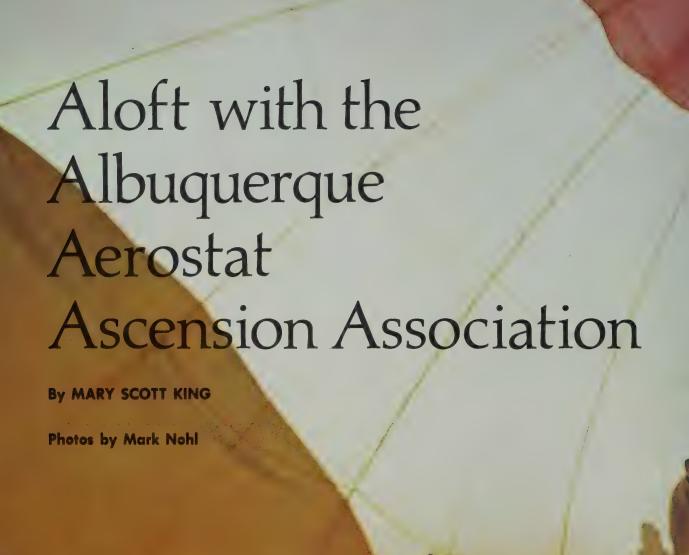
Lenox is the largest (70 acres) shopping center south of Washington D.C., and east of the Mississippi River. Its slogan is "Everything's there at Lenox Square." Whatever you want to do—have a pet parade or have a display of doll houses—Lenox will provide you with an auditorium or a stage.

There are more than 125 tenants at Lenox, eight professional centers and a long waiting list. There is a public auditorium which seats 350, and the parking area is equal to a 107-story skyscraper with double and triple deck parking. Lenox is owned by Ed Noble.

Then there is Cumberland Mall, the Atlanta area's first regional shopping center with four major department stores — Rich's, Davison's, Penney's and Sears. It opened in August, 1973.

Instead of the traditional silver (Continued on page 60)





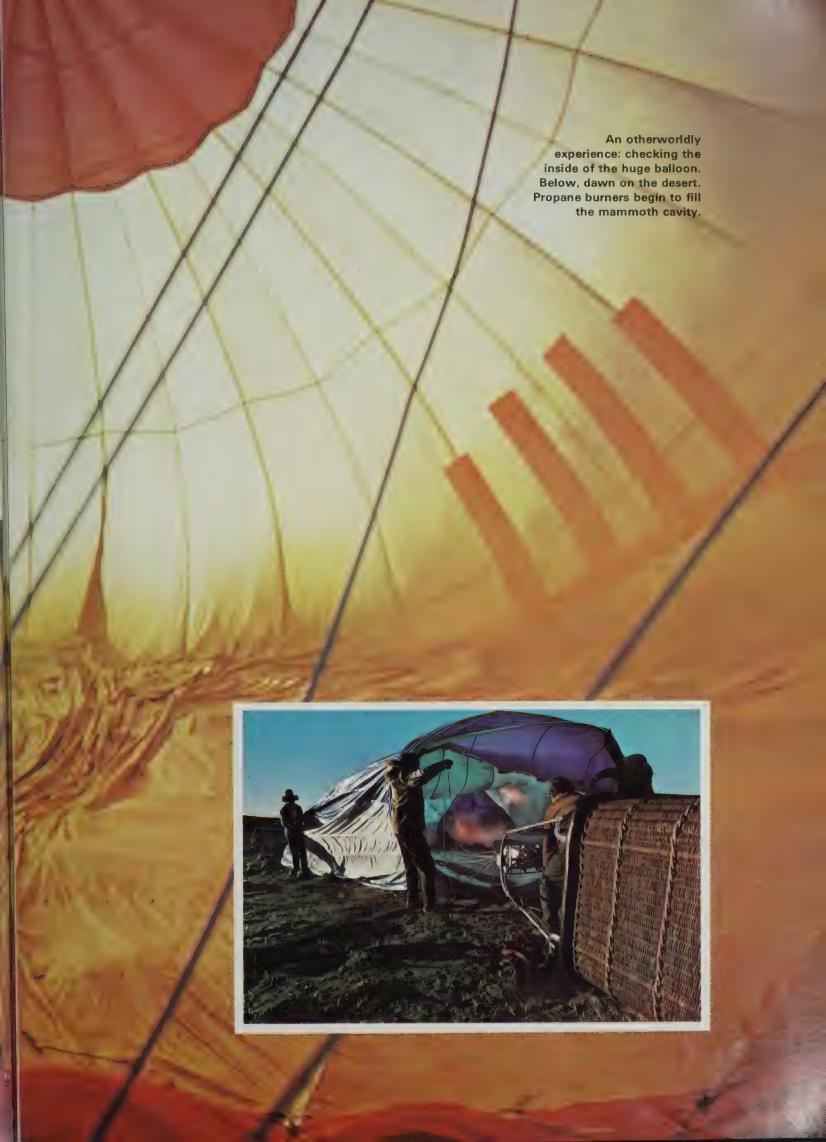
It turned out to be an aeronaut's dream of a morning—

pale gold light, turquoise sky, air crisp-to-cold, a sweet whisper

of wind—a fine January day in Albuquerque, N.M.

Out on the spacious West Mesa, driving alone along a dirt road, surrounded by deep blue snow-capped mountains, I felt like the only human being alive in some grand-scale desert paradise. The sun had been up no more than an hour, and I had a rendezvous with aeronauts Sid Cutter and Tom Rutherford to ride in an aerostat — a hot air balloon — and I was excited. Until you meet an aerostat firsthand, you can't imagine what a thrill it is merely to see a big colorful nylon bag full of hot air, let alone ride in one.

It takes a minimum of four persons to fly a balloon, yet the desert looked empty. Suddenly, a huge, blue and white, top-shaped object loomed up from behind a low hill nearby laimed for the launch site and parked in the line of cars and







pickup trunks aiready there. At once, I experienced the same obation I formed to every when Turn and Sid staged the First World Hot Air Dalloon Championships in Albuquerque is 1973.

And lovely necestate kept on arriving that hematical morning, parket in their gendance discount on the linds of pickups.

And lovely accounts kept an arriving this benefited morning, parked in their gandous threshold on the nests of pickups. Extra people in crew some is core. Bulloon were unlanded thatful and of their gandoles inflated and banached in the great him dome of eks. This late sailed aint with their parents. Up went a deep velow balloon that have New Mexico's rest 250 con similal and the afficial theoretexnial emblem, an arrange and white one a black and whate one with rainbox culture strapping around its middle.

I come to bullioning two years ago with a heat roll of romantic images of assignt aeronauty looking pictores and atherwich to be obsoliter brothers (Prench, at runese) who are need to be a transfer to the above to be a transfer to the action of the acti

And replies point courts. Asked bound you as four Roth return a booker four minutes. "In the Southwest," he aid, "his blue team and been to that he and Sol Currer have a wardrone of furny soles for special occasion.

They arrived improves vely that moreins in an emistral.

Lety prived impressively that morphis in an emission while nekup that and World Balkoos in 11. They had two positions about and they ware also bous proposition from the Rahamas to Fort Lauderdale race they had organized — and won — in May, 1974.

(Continued on page 61)









Those Magnificent Men In Their Hot Air Balloons

By JIM ESPOSITO
Staff photos by Tom Purin

Chauncey Dunn has gone flying, soaring, skiing, skydiving, snow catting, mountain climbing, river running and scuba diving. He guides Shriners down the Grand Canyon in rubber rafts just to relax. When Chauncey Dunn tells you hot air ballooning is like nothing else in the world, you can believe it.

It was just after eight in the morning and Holiday Park in Fort Lauderdale bristled with excitement. A dozen hot air balloon crews, all decked out dauntlessly in uniformed jumpsuits, were engaged in hot air ballooning's equivalent to a LeMans start—unloading their gondolas, laying out and inflating their multicolored armada of bright nylon on the grass behind the municipal library. Chauncey Dunn's "Deux Cheveaux" was the first balloon ready to face the wild blue yonder.

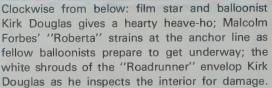
Several hundred feet upwind, Malcolm Forbes, the 54-year-old maverick editor/publisher of Forbes magazine, pulled up in a Mercedes Benz mini-bus with "Forbes Magazine Balloon Ascension Division" painted on the side. About nine people piled out wearing identical red and gold jumpsuits matching the colors of Malcolm's balloon, "Roberta," which he named after his wife even though she's scared to death of heights and refuses to go anywhere near the infernal contraption. (Why would anyone name a big bag of hot air after his wife in the first place?)

Kingswood Sprott's grand entrance caused quite

Opposite, magazine publisher Malcolm Forbes inspects the gondola of his hot air balloon, "Roberta." Left photos, tethered balloons await takeoff in Fort Lauderdale at Le Club International's once-a-year Hot Air Balloon Classic.











a sensation when he whooshed into Holiday Park towing his balloon behind his Kingswood station wagon, wearing this chintzy little silver-plated crown with imitation purple satin lining which his fellow balloonists presented to him as a token of their esteem at another balloon meet in Lancaster, Pa.

Almost everybody who was anybody in hot air ballooning was in Fort Lauderdale for Le Club International's Annual Bahama-U.S.A. Hot Air Balloon Classic. Tomorrow the entire entourage would board a fleet of luxury yachts and sail to Bimini. Today was just a preliminary event. The aeronauts planned to loosen up with a "hound and hare race," which is sort of like "follow the leader" in balloons. One balloon is dubbed "the hare" and all the other

balloons try to follow it. The balloon that comes down closest to where the hare lands is declared the winner.

Of course, there's something inherently tongue-in-cheek about the whole concept of a balloon race. It's basically a grand gesture: just a good excuse to "get high" together. And a hound and hare race is probably the most thinly veiled excuse to fly your balloon ever invented.

Still, the spectacle of a hot air balloon meet was just too much for most people to miss, and spectators were swarming all over Holiday Park. Parents brought their children and children brought their parents. All the kids who looked old enough to be skipping school were helping out some of the shorthanded balloon crews. People

with Nikons were taking pictures of everything and local TV news teams were filing interviews with all the foxy chicks while writers and reporters tried to schnoor free rides. Helicopters buzzed noisily overhead. But through it all, the balloons were taking shape and the excitement was contagious.

Balloon launchings often generate this sort of electricity. When Malcolm Forbes took off from Sidney, Neb., during his historic coast-to-coast balloon voyage, practically the entire town showed up to send him off. It was the biggest thing that ever happened in Sidney, Neb. One-third of the local school system skipped class to watch, so they closed all the schools and loaded the remaining two-thirds into buses.



About 4,000 people were there and Forbes was really hotdogging it. He tried to give a demonstration of superinflation and got what aeronauts call "false-lift," a Venturi effect that picks the balloon up off the ground before it's really ready to fly. Malcolm got up to about 60 feet and started coming back down with 1,800 pounds of propane on board. He took the hood off a school bus, careened off the side of a Cadillac and wiped out three other cars in quick succession. By that time Forbes had enough heat in his balloon and he started to float away as the outraged crowd chased him through the fields screaming for damages, which totaled about \$15,000.

Chauncey Dunn still laughs when he remembers that scene. Thanks to



Above, a colorful aeronautical armada hovers over Fort Lauderdale. Left, the Budweiser balloon is ready to ascend.









Forbes, Chauncey witnessed the whole fiasco. Malcolm called Chauncey's office in Denver the day before — from his balloon, several thousand feet above Nebraska. Chauncey's secretary thought he was some kind of a crank. She told Malcolm that Chauncey was in a meeting. "Look," Forbes pleaded, "it's very important that I talk to Chauncey. I'm a balloonist and I need help." Without even putting Forbes on hold, the secretary buzzed Chauncey and yelled "there's some nut calling you from a balloon."

Well, all Chauncey had to hear was that a fellow balloonist needed help. "You leave whatever you're doing when a fellow balloonist needs help," says Chauncey. Chauncey ran right out in the middle of his meeting, tore home, grabbed a thermos of hot coffee and hopped in his plane. Forbes said he'd be coming down around Scottsbluff, Neb., so Chauncey flew straight to Scottsbluff. But there was no sign of Malcolm's balloon. Chauncey quickly pulled out a map and drew a straight line from Casper, Wyo., where Malcolm had taken off, through Scottsbluff, Neb., and it hit Sidney. Chauncey jumped back in his plane and flew on to Sidney, but when he finally caught up with Malcolm there must have been at least a hundred people helping him out, including his personal valet, his private DC-8, a couple of his sons and practically the whole Balloon Ascension Division.

"What did you call me for?" Chauncey cried incredulously.

"I just wanted to talk ballooning," Malcolm shrugged. "Let's go have dinner."

Meanwhile, back at Holiday Park, the hound and hare race was getting underway. Since Chauncey Dunn was the first balloonist ready to fly, he got to be the hare balloon. The Deux Cheveaux lifted serenely into the heavens, followed closely by Kingswood Sprott's "Coronet II," a predominantly purple balloon designed to look like a gigantic

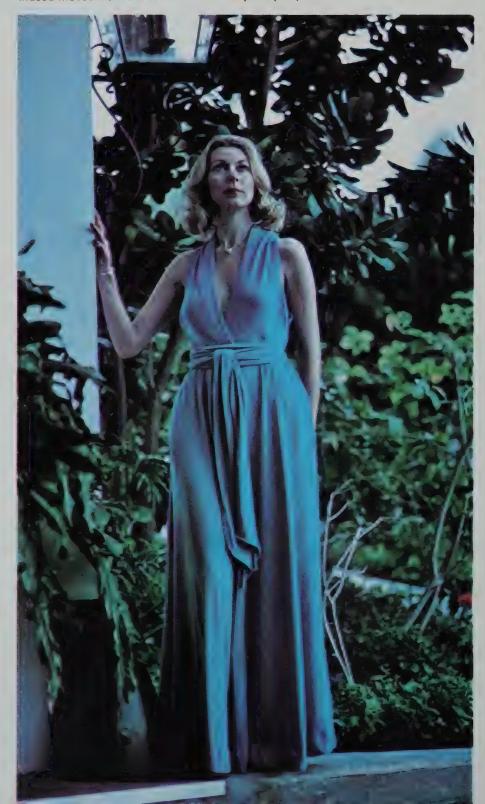
(Continued on page 54)

Left, from top: balloonists unpack by the dawn's early light; an assistant flaps the envelope to facilitate inflation; aeronauts find the view photogenic; propane burners provide the hot air. Opposite, dangling in a tiny gondola, balloonists skirt a steeple.



Super Summer Cover-Ups

Below, Joyce Bowen models an electric blue dress called "Messalina," demonstrating that terrycloth has indeed moved from the towel rack to the patio party.





Above, wrapped in pink and white, the "Sunswing," an interestingly asymmetrical cover-up. Right, swept by Palm Beach breezes, the "Goddess" in gold. A graceful flowing cape is paired with a softly comfortable bikini, all in terrycloth.

London couturiere Raemonde Rahvis of Upper Grosvenor St., Mayfair, is accustomed to designing wardrobes for princesses, duchesses, marchionesses, countesses and lesser mortals. Now, in a startling departure from her usual milieu, she has turned her talents to terrycloth. Making her American debut with an elegant collection for pool, patio and even party, she has elevated terrycloth from the commonplace to the sublime.





Above, Palm Beach architect
Hap Lewis and Mrs. Lewis
dine in the Polaris Room at
the Hyatt Regency Hotel.
An architectural marvel,
the Hyatt Regency is seen
reflected off a neighboring
chrome building. (Purin)
Right, "Breakfast at
Brennan's" is becoming an
Atlanta tradition. Opposite
photos, Anthony's was
once a plantation and now
specializes in fine cooking
in an Old South atmosphere.

Photos by Priscilla Troy



Turnip Greens to Tempura

. . Atlanta restaurants have it all





By YOLANDE GWIN

aste buds of Atlantans can be satisfied on a worldwide basis right in their own home town.

Diners can enjoy the exotic and gourmet dishes of the Orient, the international cuisine of Europe, and typical "down South" dishes ranging from fried chicken, corn bread and turnip greens to the creole gumbo and seafood of the Southern coastal states.

Currently, the rage in Atlanta is Nakato's, the city's newest Japanese restaurant, adding emphasis to the city's international image. Located on Piedmont Road, approximately a nineminute drive from midtown Atlanta, Nakato's was founded in 1973 by Mrs. Tetsuko Nakato, who formerly operated a popular restaurant in Tokyo. To assure that her new enterprise would be an authentic slice of her homeland, she personally chose the decor, and brought carpenters here from Japan to create the city's first authentic Far Eastern restaurant, complete with an Oriental garden at the entrance.

The three mainstays of the menu are tempura, teppan-yaki and sukiyaki. In the tatami-matted Sukiyaki Room, diners can take off their shoes and sit on soft cushions placed before small tables. At the Tempura Bar, a chef deep fries shrimp, scallops, fish, chicken and vegetables. In a third area, around hot grill tables, Japanese chefs prepare succulent teppan-yaki steaks, chicken or lobster tails.

Also on Piedmont Road, near the intersection of the city's famous Peachtree Road, is Anthony's, which began life as a 1797 plantation home in Washington, Ga. It is one of the finest examples of Georgia-Piedmont architecture still in existence. In the early 1960s, the building was carefully moved, brick-by-brick and board-by-board, from its original site. It has the distinction of being listed in the Library of Congress.

Guests drive through heavy gates



Above, a monkish maitre d' beckons guests to The Abbey, formerly a Unitarian church.



Aunt Fanny's Cabin, right and far right, features "gen-u-wine" Smithfield ham and other recipes originally concocted by Aunt Fanny herself. Satisfied customers consume over 4,000 pounds of turnip greens each month.

'a special charm and elegance . . . '



At The Abbey, above photos, over 10,00,000 patrons dine each year amid Gothic surroundings. Menus are printed in French and English medieval script, and waiters dress in monks' robes.

and up a winding driveway to the old home which has been completely restored, preserving the atmosphere of the Old South. Diners can enjoy their meals in the brick kitchen (the original one), in downstairs and upstairs parlors, or on the glass-enclosed veranda.

Some of the specials from the bar are the mint juleps, a Planters Cup (rum, orange curacao and orange juice), Governor's Punch (brandy, sherry and champagne) and G. W. T. W. (Gone With the Wind) Cooler (champagne and peach juice).

The menu is printed on a large, plantation-type paper fan. Selections include fresh trout, shrimp Marguery, lobster Charolais (Maine lobster and steak), pompano Charleston (stuffed

with crab), seafood souffle Suzette (shrimp, crab, lobster and hollandaise), veal Anthony (with three garnishes of crabmeat, ragout fine and mushrooms au gratin), and poulet Oscar (boneless breast of chicken topped with crabmeat, white asparagus, two sauces). A sweet finale to dinner is the house specialty, "Souffle Grand Marnier."

Guests dining at The Abbey on West Peachtree Street in midtown Atlanta find themselves stunned by a menu 24 inches long and 14 inches wide. It is printed in medieval script, written in French on one side and English on the other.

On the front side of the menu, printed in red Gothic type, is The Abbey's story: "... the 'abbey' in



Left, above, dining in a leafy green corner of The Pleasant Peasant at Phipps Plaza. Below, the courtyard of Sidney's Second Act restaurant, replete with old-world charm.





which you are now seated was built in 1915 as a house of worship for the Unitarian Universalists. A move to larger quarters became necessary in 1950 and the building was sold to the Bible Baptist Church. A planned move by that group raised the specter of the wreckers' ball in 1968. Demolition was averted when the present owners rescued the stately old church in that year and transformed it into its present state. The only addition is a lounge area added in 1974. The Abbey serves over 100,000 patrons each year . . ."

Before the lounge was built, diners, at first, got quite a start when they were ushered to the bar. It was the chancel of the church.

One of the more popular of the

Below, guests dining at Nakato's have the opportunity of watching Japanese chefs prepare food in the Oriental style.

Below, shoes are left at the door when dining in the tatami-matted Sukiyaki Room at Nakato's.



French restaurants in the Atlanta area is McKinnon's Louisiane, located on Cheshire Bridge Road.

It is a converted pizza parlor, but you'd never know it as such, for guests dine by candlelight and are served by waiters wearing tuxedos. It was opened here in February, 1972, by William B. McKinnon, who tells his friends and customers that "we specialize in food rather than decor."

Over 90 per cent of his customers prefer the crabmeat and oyster dishes, with trout Louisiane running a close second. Among specialties of the house are crabmeat Ravigatem, crabmeat Maison, crabmeat au gratin, crabmeat Teche, crabmeat Norfolk, oysters en brochette and fried oysters. Why is his

seafood so popular? "We don't louse it up. It is elegant in its simplicity," he says.

Like to dine in a greenhouse in a plush setting overlooking a shopping mall?

The Pleasant Peasant Uptown at Phipps Plaza is the answer.

This popular spot opened in August, 1974. The garden restaurant is open for lunch and dinner. The outside balcony overlooking the main floor mall is a favorite spot for women luncheon guests. But it is the inside where the lush greens and hanging flower baskets add a special charm and elegance. There is candlelight at night — even at the bar — and the twinkling lights from Peachtree Road dance through the glass



walls. Those who would rather sit than fight for a table can do so in a Victorian garden setting of white wicker furniture.

Pork tenderloin and French onion soup rate highest according to manager Ron James, while peasant quiche and almond mousse are tempting contenders.

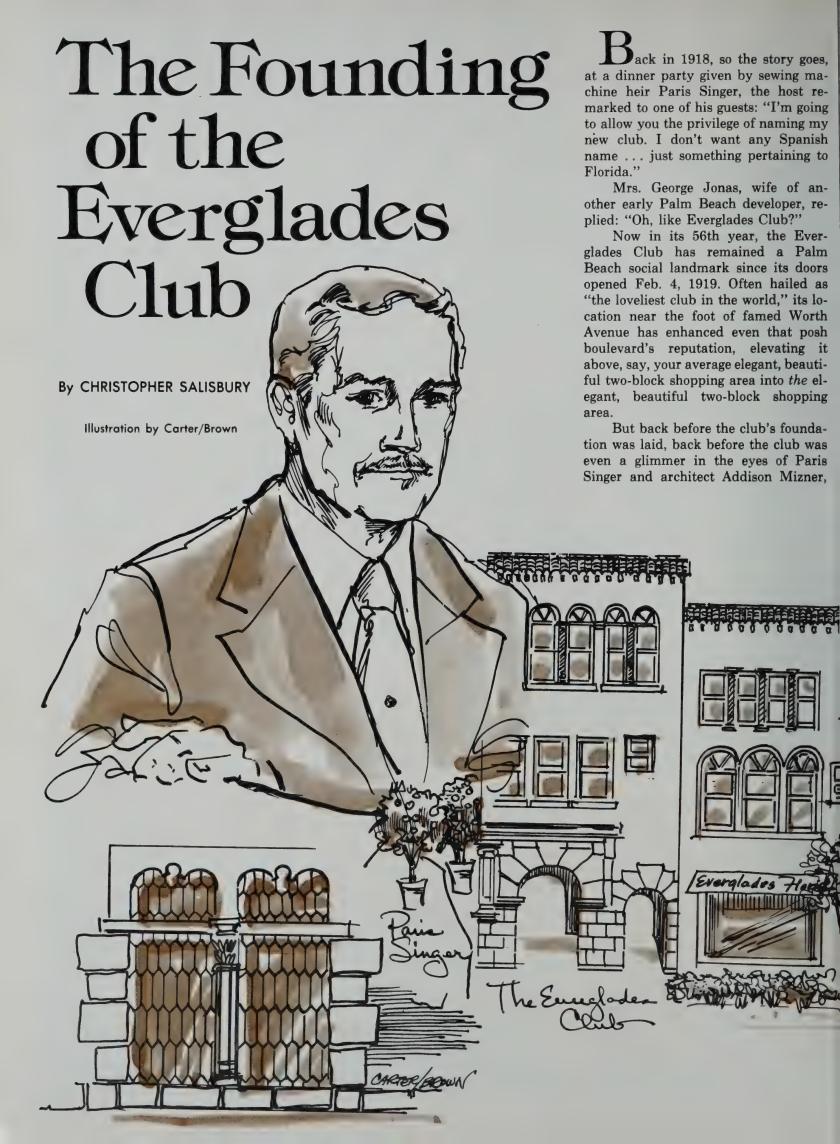
Another new place is called Sidney's Second Act, located in Andrews Square — a large, square building built around a courtyard in old-world style, with a dancing fountain in the center. The restaurant opens onto this courtyard, while inside a harpist plays nightly. The menu is Hungarian, with goulash soup one of the favorites.

Atlantans have gotten into the New Orleans habit of having "Breakfast at Brennans." The Atlanta version of this famous New Orleans restaurant is on West Paces Ferry Road.

Breakfast parties have become very popular, and Sunday night dinners are enlivened by music — but not for dancing — by Atlanta's famous Peachtree Strutters who play Dixieland jazz as they strut around the dining area. Chicken Pontalba, crabmeat and veal are top favorites among the customers.

The Swan Coach House is one of the more unusual eating places in the city. It is open for luncheon Monday through Saturday. Private parties are given there in the evenings, with spe-

(Continued on page 49)



Worth Avenue was a little white shell road intersected by an 'Afromobile' path, surrounded by a mixture of jungle and swamp. And just about the only residents in the immediate area were mosquitoes, alligators and a man known to the locals as "Alligator Joe."

Alligator Joe, whose last name has escaped the attention of the Palm Beach history books, arrived in Palm Beach along with the first flood of tourists, shortly after Henry Flagler's railroad and hotel put Palm Beach on the map. And during his stay in turn-of-thecentury Palm Beach, this portly, moustachioed, roughneck character made quite a name for himself: not socially, certainly, but as the owner and operator of what was billed as "the largest alligator farm in the United States"—situated precisely where the Everglades clubhouse and golf course now stand.

(This fact, perhaps surprisingly, is not a skeleton in the Everglades Club's closet. Indeed, a picture of Alligator Joe was emblazoned on the club's 1974 social calendar.) Admission to Joe's farm was 10 cents, and for this customers were treated to a display of 'gator rasslin' performed by the master himself.

After some years, though, it dawned on Joe that Palm Beach was becoming no place for an alligator farm, and he sold his plot of ground and vanished into the anonymity from whence he came. The buyer of the property was the aforementioned Paris Singer, who no sooner had acquired it than he ran into a socialite/soldier of fortune by the name of Addison Mizner.

Cooper C. Lightbown, a local contractor who transformed many of the Singer-Mizner fantasies into reality by actually building them, once noted: "If Addison (Mizner) had not met up with Paris Singer when Paris was in the mood to spend his money, Palm Beach would have been only a flag stop on the Florida East Coast Railway."

While this may be somewhat hyperbolic, it is a virtually undisputed contention that the Mizner style of archi-

tecture (once described by a columnist as "Bastard-Spanish-Moorish-Romanesque-Gothic-Renaissance-Bull Market-Damn the Expense-style") transformed Palm Beach architecturally from shingle-style Cape Cod to what a former ambassador to Spain once called "more Spanish than anything I ever saw in Spain."

And the first Singer-Mizner effort, and perhaps their greatest masterpiece, was the Everglades Club.

The meeting of Singer and Mizner has already become cloaked in legend. Reputable sources say they were old friends; others claim they met on the piazza of the Breakers Hotel; and, not wishing to leave out any facet of the legend, many believe they met at Singer's Palm Beach home, the "Chinese Villa," on the ocean at Peruvian Avenue, where, in fact, the two lived for several months.

Whatever the case, their convergence on Palm Beach and the intermingling of their hopes, ideas and tal-(Continued on page 58)

0



Pork roast with chestnuts (Porc a la Belle France) is one example of the use of chestnuts in creative cookery.

CHESTNUTS Who Needs an Open Fire?

By ROSA TUSA

f, when you think chestnuts, you think winter and stuffing for the turkey, then you haven't discovered French marrons.

A number of chestnut varieties exist, and the species whose fruit within a prickly shell contain only a single large nut are called marrons. French marrons have a wonderfully nutty flavor that combines with a wide variety of foods and lends itself to unusual creative cookery.

Marrons are basic food in the regions of Creuse, Limousin, Haute-Vienne and Corsica. On the western bank of the Rhone River, south of Lyon, lies a rural region called Ardeche, where chestnut trees are found in such abundance that the regional cuisine makes use of the versatile marron in everything from soups to desserts. Corsicans have a number of cakes made from chestnut flour, which are baked on chestnut leaves. The flour has a sweet flavor and pleasant smell, and when combined with water makes a non-elastic paste.

Peeling fresh chestnuts, with their hard outside shells and bitter inside skins, is a chore no matter how you do it — boiling, baking or roasting. Happily, the product is readily available, peeled, in cans or jars.

Marrons entiers au naturel are whole chestnuts in water and may be used in many ways. Puree de marrons au naturel is unflavored, unsweetened puree. In France, game is invariably accompanied by chestnut puree. Beat in some butter and cream and season with salt and pepper and a pinch of sugar.

Marrons au sirop are whole or chopped chestnuts in vanilla-flavored syrup — great over vanilla ice cream or in sauces when you want a touch of sweet. Creme de marrons — puree sweetened with sugar and vanilla — is used in pastries and desserts. Marrons glaces are candied whole chestnuts for out-of-hand nibbling.

The simplicity of provincial French cookery is reflected in Porc a la Belle France, a robust main dish which combines pork roast with cabbage wedges and whole marrons.

Supreme de Volaille Aux Marrons is a bit more exotic. Skinned and boned chicken breasts are sliced, dipped in brandy, coated with crumbs and sauteed in butter. Sandwiched between the sauteed slices are marrons glaces, blended with a little chutney and brandy.

PORC A LA BELLE FRANCE
1 pork loin roast, 1 red cabbage, cut
about 4 or 5 lbs. in wedges

about 4 or 5 lbs. in wedges
Salt, garlic powder, 1 can (10 oz.) whole
pepper marrons, drained

2 tbsp. Herbes de Provence 1 can (10 oz.) condensed beef broth

Sprinkle pork with salt, garlic powder and pepper. If you prefer fresh garlic, cut slits in the roast and place

slivers of garlic, to taste. Rub pork with the French herbs. If not available use fines herbes or a mixture of chervil, dill, tarragon, thyme or rosemary, to taste. Place pork in shallow roasting pan and roast in preheated oven at 350 degrees for about 11/2 hours. Place cabbage wedges, which have been parboiled for 15 minutes, into pan drippings and turn to coat with juices and fat in roaster. Add chestnuts and pour over beef broth. Roast for another 30 minutes or until cabbage is easily pierced. Remove pork and cabbage and chestnuts to a platter. Skim fat from pan drippings and spoon pan juices over all.

SUPREME DE VOLAILLE AUX MARRONS

2 whole chicken breasts 1 stick butter (about)
½ c. good brandy 6 marrons glaces
1½ c. fine biscotte crumbs
(or use Holland Rusks)

Remove skin and bones from chicken breasts. Separate chicken breasts. Cut each chicken breast to make thin slices, about 8 thin slices in all. Dip slices in brandy. Roll chicken in crumbs. Press firmly so crumbs adhere. Melt butter. Saute chicken slices in melted butter until cooked, but juicy, adding more butter as needed. Mash chestnuts until very smooth and blend with chutney. Gradually stir in enough brandy to make spreading consistency. Spread mixture over 4 chicken slices.

(Continued on page 56)

PALM BEACH LIFE — AUGUST 1975

An Englishman's Home Is Your Castle



Our England is a garden that is full of stately views,

Of borders, beds, and shrubberies and lawns and avenues . . .

- Rudyard Kipling

As any reader of English novels knows, Britain's landed gentry have always lived very well indeed. Their manor houses, surrounded by fields and orchards, reached by long, tree-lined drives, were not draughty castles.

Rather, they were the comfortable quarters of families whose heads were gentlemen as well as farmers.

Country squiredom flourished for centuries, most notably from the reign of Queen Anne to Edward VII. Since then, however, those persistent fellows, death and taxes, have taken their toll with the result that many admirable country houses of the past have become country house hotels today.

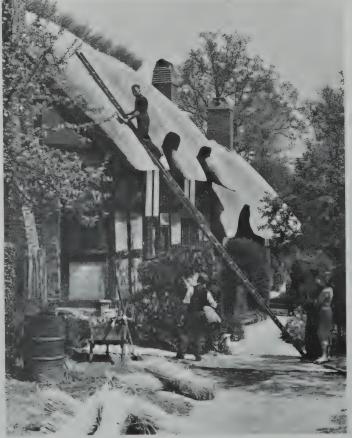
Staying in such a hotel is to know

the true meaning of the word "Guest," for it is much more than ten or room for a night. As a matter of those who choose to stay a single night are rare, and they miss the bloom of English friendship which is seldom bestowed at first sight. English reserve seems to dictate that it is the appearance at breakfast on the second morning that signals membership in the club. Americans are slightly suspect anyway (our reputation is one of rest-





Clockwise from right: the thatched roof of Anne Hathaway's Cottage is repaired no differently today than when Will Shakespeare came courting; Tillmouth Park Hotel, a Victorian-Gothic structure at Cornhill-on-Tweed; the dining area of historic Weston Manor Hotel near Oxford; riding to the hounds near Stanton, Gloucester, after a sumptuous hunt breakfast; the mysterious monoliths of Stonehenge, near Salisbury.



lessness — those dash-about-the-continent tours have become a legend in our own time) and those who find their way to country houses are automatically thought to be visiting Canadians.

It is understood that country house hotel people are those who share a common belief in the pleasures of good food and wine, long walks, horses, conversation and books, not to mention appreciation of beautiful gardens. The pace of the country house hotel is appropriate to this philosophy. Most of the guests are Englishmen and travelers from the Commonwealth countries. There is hardly a night when the days of Empire are not nostalgically invoked over gin and tonic.

One should, therefore, plan on spending at least three days in any country house hotel. A week is better still. Considering the size of England it is possible to do a great amount of sightseeing from a single central location and thus benefit from being able to unpack and stay unpacked in a comfortable spot. And country house hotels are,







without exception, supremely comfortable.

Most of them are still functioning farms, so the table is sure to reflect this with garden fresh vegetables, fruits and berries in season, homemade soups, preserves from the hotel kitchen and fresh fish from the streams or lakes on the property. Although a few have acquired continental chefs, the menus are, for the most part, determinedly English. That means roasts, chops, sole and salmon on the dinner, a dessert trolley that always includes trifle in its selection, and a high tea every afternoon that will add pounds (the caloric kind) if you let it. Usually an English breakfast is included in the price of the room - a choice of eggs, bacon, ham, kippers, broiled tomatoes and cereal along with toast and marmalade, wonderful tea and non-wonderful coffee.

There is a certain amount of inhouse entertainment. A dance orchestra is often brought in on Saturday night, and there is seasonal diversion (Christmas in a country house hotel is like a trip back in time) such as musicales and pantomimes. Sport is very big, with fox hunts, riding, fishing and shooting available on the estate. The British are confirmed walkers, but no one will think it a bit odd if you limit yourself to a mere turn around the garden (careful — it may cover 30 acres) or stay with a book and a hot toddy before a fire.

Country house hotels are located the length and breadth of England and in Scotland and Wales as well. Some are so ancient they are listed in the Domesday Book (Alveston Manor Hotel in Stratford-on-Avon); some have new wings completed within the past year but designed to blend with the Jacobean main buildings. If you yearn for the authentic, ask for one of the original rooms when you make your reservation. Although I have listed only English hotels here, choice was dictated only by space. Personal favorites would have to include the Conrah Country House Hotel in Aberystwyth, Wales, and the Dunkeld House Hotel, Dunkeld, Scotland.

Obviously, no two are alike. Nor are two rooms alike in each house. The furnishings are antiques and the ambience, too, is of another more leisurely day — Edwardian, Elizabethan, Victorian, Georgian. There may be a common television room or even a set discreetly located in a bedroom now and then, but there is definitely no Musak!

The majority are small, and, if one is to be sure of a room with a bath, it is best to make reservations well in advance. They are not places suitable for very young children; many hotels exclude those under the age of ten.

How to get there? A self-drive hired car is the most convenient way, though local trains will be met, and taxis are available from the village. Most such hotels are, by definition, away from urban centers. Unlike inns, they do not perch on the highways and, unlike conventional hotels, they are not opposite railway stations.

One of the prime reasons for the hospitable atmosphere is that country (Continued on page 64)

With glaciers the size of Rhode Island and a shoreline

Alaska is truly. THEVAST



By LOUIS GEORGE

randiose natural wonders are Alaska's key allures that beckon the young in spirit with a taste for pristine adventure. Alaska is one of those rare spots on our tired globe where ingenuity, energy, and a bit of expertise spell discovery in the truest sense of the word.

Alaska is enormous. It boasts today the uncrowded wilderness of the continental West of a century ago. It dazzles visitors with spectacular peaks, vast plains, immense glaciers and stunning icebergs.

Near the top of the globe, Alaska is an adventure, and isn't for the fainthearted or unimaginative. Its remoteness is underscored by a day-long jet flight from most points in the Eastern states, or an enchanting three- to five-day steamer trip from Seattle or Vancouver, with stops at the historic capital of Sitka, now-capital Juneau.

and on to Anchorage.

Alaska is indeed well-named, as it's derived from the Aleut Indian word Alaxsxaq, which simply means "vast land." Let the imagination wander over these nearly 590,000 square miles reaching far above the Arctic Circle, stretching westward to within a few miles of Siberia, encompassing the 1,200-mile archipelago of the Aleutian Islands, and extending south to the panhandle, half the length of British Columbia.

Grandeur borders on the gargan-

tuan in Alaska which is more than twice the size of Texas. The Malaspina Glacier, near Yakutat at the top of the panhandle, is nearly as big as the state of Rhode Island. Alaskan shoreline is longer than all the rest of the coast of the continental United States. And towering Mount McKinley that soars 20,320 feet in the Alaska Range marks the highest point on the continent.

Alaska is also a land of wide open spaces. Total population is about 330,-000 residents, or less than the entire population of El Paso, Tex. Furthermore, more than half these residents are in Anchorage, and about another quarter are gathered in Fairbanks. Juneau and Nome.

Incidentally, the Alaskan popula-

greater than that of the continental United States,

LAND



tion includes about 70,000 Indians and Eskimos, mostly in the Nome and Kotzebue regions in the north, plus the Aleutian Isles.

Surprisingly, Alaska's climate varies as much as its ethnic and scenic character. Along the southern coast and nearby islands, the Japanese Current makes the climate unexpectedly mild although coupled with rather heavy rainfall that reaches 150 inches annually in a few spots. Average temperatures are 32 degrees in winter and 50 to 60 degrees in summer. Anchorage is cooler and drier. The central plain has temperature extremes from 40 below zero up to a humid 85 in summer, which is the fate of Fairbanks.

For visitors, the ideal season is



Spectacular Mt. McKinley, above, soars 20,320 feet. Left, Ketchikan's famed "Sun and Raven" totem pole.





from June through September, with August noted for wildflower display in the Arctic. A travel wardrobe should be about the same as for Scotland or Maine, with sweaters for evenings, sunglasses for glare in the clear atmosphere, and sturdy shoes for walking.

Alaska's historic highlights hold a few surprises, too. Vitus Bering, a Danish navigator, discovered Alaska in 1741 for Peter the Great of Russia. Sitka became the capital in 1799 of what was then known as Russian America. In 1867, William Henry Seward, secretary of state under President Andrew Johnson, negotiated the purchase of Alaska from Czar Alexander II for \$7.2 million.

Today, getting around Alaska is a delightful adventure in itself, if not necessarily like rolling off a log. Immense Alaska has less railroad mileage than Vermont, but an enchanting 260-mile stretch joins Anchorage to Fairbanks by skirting handsome Mount McKinley National Park — an excursion not to be missed.

The most adventuresome vacationers may take to the Alaska Highway that commences at Dawson Creek, British Columbia, and offers "the great amen" about 1,520 miles later at Fairbanks. It's really for well-organized expeditioners, who may set a record in three days but will more probably take eight days, precluding any unscheduled breakdowns.

Anchorage is Alaska's key center on handsome Kenai Peninsula, flanked by Cook Inlet and the grand Chugach Mountains. Besides visiting the town and taking a flight to Nome, coastal scenery unfolds on a \$5.65 round-trip excursion to Whittier. Thence, the ship Bartlett makes a memorable daily cruise along the coast to Valdez. Sights include grandiose Columbia Glacer, lush scenery, spouting whales plus fascinating icebergs.

True adventurers will make the magnificent trip to Glacier Bay through arrangements with Alaska Discovery Wilderness Adventures, P.O. Box 41, Haines, AK, 99827. The \$250 all-inclusive excursion with outdoor camping includes round-trip air fare from Juneau to Glacier Bay, and entry into the 4,400-square-mile Glacier Bay National Monument.

Visitors seeking true Alaska can't overlook the glaciers that cover three per cent of the vast state, or about 20,000 square miles. If one eschews the trek to Glacier Bay (for solid outdoor souls, to be sure) don't miss Mendenhall Glacier a few miles outside Juneau. A trip to Valdez not only gets one close to

the already-famed Alaska Pipeline, but also to Columbia and Worthington Glaciers. Not far from Anchorage, at Palmer, travelers have excellent views of Matanuska Glacier.

Either going to or coming from Alaska, it is essential to visit the south-east region. This is the area noted for grand forests, countless islands, and most especially the historic villages in totem pole country.

Sitka, the state's oldest town, has been called its most beautiful by many visitors. Its splendid site on Baranof Island proffers spectacular views of mountains and fjord-clear waters. St.

'grandeur borders on the gargantuan in Alaska . . .'

Michael's Cathedral and its venerable graveyard are not to be missed. Key sights are the Museum of Indian Crafts at Sheldon Jackson Junior College, Pioneers' Home, and Sitka National Monument which houses an excellent collection of Indian totems.

Alaska has great sights in almost every direction for travelers by boat, train and plane. In the south, Ketchikan is in a protected location among islands about 230 miles south of Juneau. Key attraction is Saxman Park, two miles outside of town, which has the world's largest collection of totem poles. Just beyond is Totem Bight, with its ceremonial Indian house and poles. About 40 miles eastward is 10,000-acre Matanuska Valley, among Alaska's most significant agricultural tracts.

Fairbanks, Alaska's second largest city, is also a major visitors' hub. Dating from 1902 gold-rush days, it shows probably the greatest contrast between old relics and modern boom construction. Yukon River excursions are a major attraction. Indian villages and mining towns near Circle and Fort Yukon are very appealing, and "today" is marked by the fine campus of the University of Alaska.

The vast land north of Fairbanks makes it an air-hub jumping-off spot for trips into the Far North. Wilderness marked with hot springs, sand dunes, wildflowers and wildlife are the strong attractions. Maybe a hardy few will even be lured to Point Barrow simply to see the northernmost point in the United States.

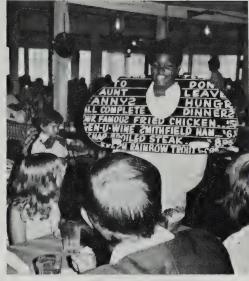
TURNIP GREENS TO TEMPURA (Continued from page 37)

cial emphasis on wedding receptions. Daytime private parties are also available. The restaurant is run by Mrs. Doris Cook. An adjoining antique shop, with top quality gifts including silver and rare porcelain, is run by The Forward Arts Foundation, composed of a group of prominent Atlanta women. Proceeds are used to buy art works for Atlanta's High Museum of Art.

The Swan Coach House is the former servants' quarters and garage for the late Mr. and Mrs. Edward Inman whose home, some 500 yards away, is now the home of the Atlanta Historical Society. The Italianesque mansion is named Swan House, thus the name of the restaurant.

The menu at the Coach House appeals to both men and women — tasty but not heavy. The frozen fruit salad combined with chicken salad in timbales is popular, as are the chicken breasts broiled in orange nut sauce, and the chicken almond roll. The desserts, frozen silk swan, lemon chess pie and macaroon tarts, are top favorites.

Visitors to Atlanta, especially those from "Up North," have a "must"



Wearing the menu around his neck, a young boy chants all the choices at Aunt Fanny's.

on their schedule — a dinner at Aunt Fanny's Cabin.

A few miles outside of Atlanta on Campbell Road, Aunt Fanny's Cabin was founded in 1941, and today is one of the most fascinating and unique dining establishments in the country. The original building, which still houses part of the restaurant, is more than 130 years old and is named for Aunt Fanny Williams who was born and lived on

the property. The cabin was originally a part of the Campbell plantation, and was the living quarters of Aunt Fanny who worked for the Campbell family as a faithful servant all her life. Many of the recipes served today were hers.

Aunt Fanny's Cabin employs young local boys to chant its choice of foods. A white-coated boy comes to your table with a large blackboard around his neck (there is a large hole so it fits him comfortably), and starts your meal with a happy grin and a greeting of: "Aunt Fanny says 'Howdy Folks — wot'll it be?' All complete dinners, our famous fried chicken, gen-u-wine famous Smithfield ham, charcoal-broiled steaks, fresh rainbow trout."

Aunt Fanny's recipes are known everywhere, the baked squash, by Aunt Fanny herself, being one of the most popular.

According to the management, it takes more than 7,000 pounds of squash and 4,000 pounds of turnip greens to satisfy customers every month. Also, more than 20,000 pounds of chicken and 4,300 pounds of steak are served each month. The meals served are essentially the same as they were years ago: real Old South.

Six reasons why Town & Country calls SunTide one of the world's best condominiums.

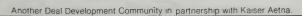
Town and Country magazine calls SunTide one of the "world's best" for many reasons. Here are a few. (1) Deal Development Co. and Kaiser Aetna. Two respected leaders combined to build SunTide. (2) The sweep and style of stone and cedar exteriors and richly appointed interiors. (3) SunTide's location is on the sandy beach of Hutchinson Island near Stuart, Florida. (4) It's where you

can relax. You can fish, play tennis, swim, or enjoy the superb clubhouse. (5) And it's all yours. No land or recreational leases. (6) For a limited time, SunTide is offering substantial discounts.

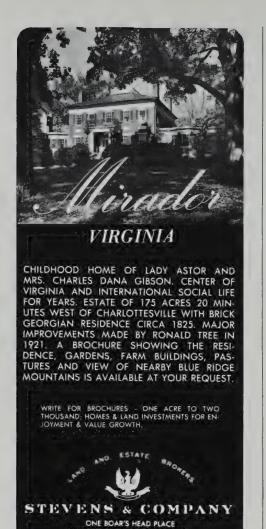
For even more reasons see SunTide for yourself or call (305) 283-3600 for a free brochure.

SunTide

80 luxury oceanfront residences From \$65,000—\$160,000 Elegantly furnished models open daily. 1357 N. E. Ocean Blvd., Stuart, Florida 33494







The Wilson jewelry counselor will help you discreetly dispose of your unwanted jewels:

CHARLOTTESVILLE, VIRGINIA 22901 PHONE 804/296-6104

A service to Private Owners Banks Estates

Monday through Saturday call 305/844-4348



501 Federal Hwy. (U.S.1) Lake Park, FL

TACA's Bicentennial Warm-Up

Dallas' TACA is not associated with the international airlines, nor is it a women's lib nomer for that popular Mexican snack — it's an organization.

Texas

"The initials don't really stand for anything, yet TACA stands for a great deal in Dallas," explained Scottie (Mrs. Martin E.) Buehler, longtime director and 1975 benefit chairman.

Founded as the Theatre Center Auxiliary (TCA), the group later decided to support all of the performing arts, not just the Theatre Center. They also decided to add an A and form a short, easily pronounced name. Thus, TACA became part of the Dallas social and philanthropic scene.

An invitational black-tie custom auction and a two-day TV auction are the annual fund raisers with proceeds going to the Dallas Symphony, Dallas Civic Opera, the Civic Ballet and the Summer Musicals as well as to the Theatre Center.

This year's custom auction was a celebration of TACA's 10th birthday and a warm-up for the Bicentennial, with a theme combining American history, patriotism and civic pride — "Show Your Colors, Support Dallas' Performing Arts."

It's a bonafide auction — there is never dancing and only incidental entertainment. Tickets are \$50 per person and include cocktails and a write-in auction at 6 p.m. followed by dinner and the custom auction at 8 p.m.

All items on the block have a minimum value of \$500 each and include rare antiques, jewels, art, designer originals — a stunning Yves St. Laurent silk coat created a stir this year — furs, and travel packages

As usual, the recent auction was a sell-out and last-minute tabulations indicate that in 10 years TACA has raised nearly \$2 million for its beneficiaries.

Chairman Buehler, wearing a smashing bright blue Ron Amy, and her co-chairmen Mrs. Melvin Gertz and Betty Brookes Blake, were receiving accolades from everyone, as was Jody (Mrs. George) Biddle, who was responsible for lining up all those exciting trips which brought such spirited bidding.

The fame of Houston's hospitality is far flung — royalty, titles, astronauts, diplomats, political figures, celebrities and VIPs from everywhere all agree that a Houston visit is sure to be a wonderful, party-packed sojourn.



Enjoying the party at Mrs. J. R. Frankel's are, from left, Isabel and Nelson Steenland, the ever-popular singer Julie Wilson, and the party's hostess, Freda Frankel. (Johnson)



Heather Marcus, left, and Alice Snavely enjoy TACA's birthday party. (Provart)

Julie Wilson, who has been doing her thing in the Hyatt Regency's Crystal Forest — her first stint here in nine years — says Houston may have increased in size, but its people are still "very warm and friendly," as Freda (Mrs. J.R.) Frankel proved with a big "welcome back" fiesta in her Memorial Drive mansion.

It was a wonderful party and nobody had more fun than Julie, an appreciative listener during the impromptu "amateur hour" put on by Patty (Mrs. Ford) Hubbard, Betty Ewing, Caroline Law and Wayne Wickman who harmonized while Herman Levitz played the piano as Ted Law and Isabel and Nelson Steenland took turns on the drums.

When the Jerry Sandifer Trio arrived it was dance time, and first couples on the floor were the Steve Chazanows, Obbie and Edith Lewis and attorney Bob and Bernice Welch.

Former Houstonian Betty Bruce Cobb, now a Miami resident, was busy catching up on news with old amigos Maxine Mesinger, Ray Pittman and Patti Gordon, Ed Perrault, Ruth Hess, John Callas, Mr. and Mrs. Joe Links, Nina Wickman (Wayne's wife), and Joe and Beulah Belden.

Julie was also feted by Mr. and Mrs. John M. (Red) Harris with a delightful cocktail-buffet in their home. A surprise highlight of the evening was the honoree's spontaneous decision to sing "Bill."

Among those applauding the charming chanteuse were Argentine Consul and Mrs. Alberto Vilela, the Harry Hurts, Sid and Noonie Adger, Natasha Rawson, Frank and Alma King, John and Sis Tobler, Mrs. Robert Thomas, Chris and Gretchen Chandler, and Freda Frankel and her escort John Glover.

Worrell's is Palm Beach



Your interior can be very Worrell's and still be yours.

Our experienced designers believe your home should reflect one uniquely personal lifestyle — yours. From the way you entertain, to how you spend your leisure hours. So their flair will be a natural expression of your tastes.

Get to know them. They're why . . .

Palm Beach is Worrell's

Royal Poinciana Plaza — 833-4433

DOMESTIC and IMPORTED

MARBLE

FOR ALL PURPOSES

Custom Cutting Installation Repair - Polishing

Ceramic & Decorative Tile
Terrazzo





Terrazzo & Tile Inc.
Est. 1947

926 - 26th Street 305/832-5511 West Palm Beach, Florida



NORCROSS PATIO

Telephone 832-6995

4600 South Dixie, West Palm Beach

FOUNTAINS ● STATUARY PATIO AND GARDEN FURNITURE ALUMINUM FURNITURE REWEBBED

TRAINOR, BROWN-JORDAN and TROPICTONE FURNITURE RELACED and REFINISHED





"Excuse me, miss," a well-dressed man said, pulling his cart up between me and the canned vegetable shelves at Publix supermarket.

"If you had to get this at the store, what would you get?" he asked, handing me a shopping list and pointing to "choc syr."

"Chocolate syrup," I said.

"Thank you. Now where would I find that?"

I pointed him in the general direction of the ice cream toppings and set off toward the dairy section. Before I could say "half and half" the man was back.

"I wonder if I could trouble you again? What's 'lf br-ww'?"

Nearby shoppers paused, hands poised over cottage cheese and onion dips. Clearly, they weren't fluent in shopping list-ese.

"That's a loaf of bread, whole wheat," I said. "You don't do very

much shopping, do you?"

"Well," the man shifted his weight from one Gucci-ed foot to another, "the maid has the flu, and the cook's in the middle of a quiche, and my wife's playing bridge, so they gave me this list. But I didn't know I'd need a translation."

Feeling a little like I was showing Alice around Wonderland, I pushed my cart with one hand and pulled his with the other, while the man followed along.

"Dz eggs-lg," he called out, gaining self-confidence as the strange syllables became translated into real groceries. "Ctn mlk, 6 cns dg fd—lvr flv, hlf-dz tom, mayo, btl vgr . . ."

"'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves," I muttered.

"I don't believe that's on the list," he said.

We finished, with a flourish, at the produce section, choosing apls, frsh crn, and a bg of on. He bade me a fond farewell at the checkout counter, and pressed his green stamps into my hand as a thank-you.

When you're a regular customer at the Palm Beach Publix, you grow to expect the unusual. People who work at Publix are even more accustomed to the unusual. Take, for example, the woman who motioned to the bag boy to follow her with the two bags of groceries she'd just bought. He followed her for over a block before he realized she expected him to carry the groceries all the way to her house.

Another bag boy said the biggest problem he faces is helping customers find their cars. "Some of these people don't even know what kind of car they drive," he reported. "Not only that, but sometimes they don't even know what color the car is. One man tried his key in the ignition of four cars before he found the right one."

Phil Smith, who managed Palm Springs' Publix before transferring to Palm Beach, has found that if his customers don't know their cars — it's the only thing they don't know.

"These people," Smith said, leaning an elbow on a crate of casaba melons, "know quality.

"In Palm Springs, you never see a man in the grocery store. If you do, you know his wife dragged him in. But here, these men come in who are gourmet cooks. They know exactly what they want."

I trailed Smith up and down the aisles as he picked up first one extravagantly priced item, then another.

There were tiny \$2 jars of caviar from Iran and an almost \$4 tin of smoked salmon. "The other Publix markets don't stock these sort of things," Smith said, "but this is what our customers want."

"Soup" at this Publix doesn't mean Campbell's tomato — it more than likely means Chalet Suzanne's broccoli romaine or lobster bisque or even seafood mushroom at 95 cents a can.

"We sell a lot of these specialty soups," Smith said, "mostly turtle soup."

The meat counter is obviously Smith's favorite part of the store. "We're the only Publix that sells aged prime beef — and brother, does it sell."

Tenderly he placed a package of three steaks in my hand. "\$5 a pound," he said. "Aren't they beautiful? Once in a while I'll treat myself to one of these."

He patted aged beef rib roasts that cost more than Manhattan did. Country hams sprawled lengthwise on shelves, revealing obscene price tags.

"Did you ever see veal like this?" Smith asked, picking up a package of meat that cost even more per pound than the aged beef. "Other stores don't sell meat like this."

Racks of lamb and prime ribs are standard bill of fare at his store. Fresh duck decorated with orange slices are there for the taking.

"And you should see the stuff we special order for people," he added. Last winter, he recalled, one man ordered "eight or nine pounds of fresh caviar at a price you wouldn't believe. Don't quote me on the price per pound, but it was in three figures."

Not surprisingly, Palm Beach's grocery store has the highest average sales per customer of any other Publix. And it sells more wine than any other grocery store of any type on the southeast coast.

"And we sell more bottled water, more cheese, more fresh produce, more fresh fruit juice — and probably more pet food — than any other Publix," Smith said.

And it's not just the sales that make the store unique.

"I was talking to a woman one day," Smith said, "and mentioned some new product we'd gotten in. She

'rib roasts that cost more than Manhattan did

said 'Oh, I ought to try that. I own the company.' "

If his store runs out of some particular brand of something, Smith quite often gets complaints from customers who just happen to own part — or all — of the company that manufactures that product.

"You never know who you're talking to," he said. "You could be dealing with the maid, or someone who owns half the products in the store. We'll have people who come in and shop for hours and only buy \$1 worth of things. Others leave with hundreds of dollars worth."

Thursdays, traditionally a heavy day at supermarkets, are light days at this Publix. "Maids' day off," Smith explained. "I might also add that while we sell more groceries than most stores, we sell fewer items that are on special—and less frozen food—than other stores."

While maids, and chauffeurs, do a lot of shopping for their employers, Smith said most of the Palm Beachers seem to prefer to do their own shopping. "They think it's fun," he said.

Afraid to miss out on a good time, I decided to pick up a few items. At the checkout line a few minutes later, the woman in front of me picked up a bottle of shampoo out of my cart.

"Do you use this?" she asked, carefully scrutinizing my hair.

"Yes," I said. "I like it."

"Good," the woman responded. "I bought a bottle of this for my dog yesterday."

That sort of thing just doesn't happen at the A&P. —Susan Hixon

Jean Pittinos Antiques Fine Arts

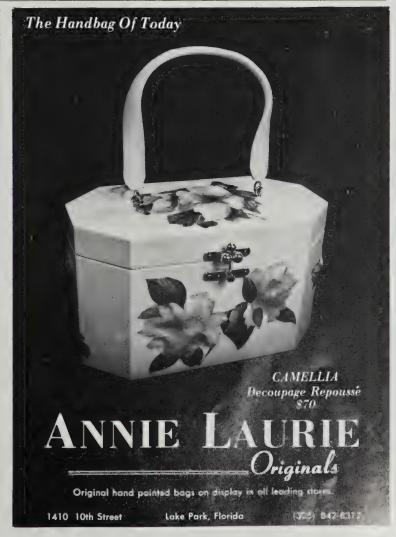


A partial selection of designs in our needlepoint department. Custom designs on order. Needlepoint brochure \$1.00.

Specializing in custom design for the advanced needlepoint enthusiast.

Area Code 305-833-6211 Palm Beach, Fla.

108 N. County Rd.



As propane burns overhead, two aeronauts relax in their wicker gondola -and await liftoff.

THOSE MAGNIFICENT MEN (Continued from page 26)

crown. Chuck Rohr, a 34-year-old entrepreneur from Fort Lauderdale, followed Kingswood, flying Chauncey Dunn's "Dream of Flight," which Chauncev Dunn described as "the Rolls-Royce of hot air balloons." The Dream of Flight had a luxurious triangular wicker gondola with wall-to-wall carpeting, velour drapes and a built-in champagne cabinet. It hung beneath a magnificent white envelope. Each seam of the envelope was painted like a pillar of the Parthenon, and in between each pillar was the striking figure of a Greek god like Pegasus or Apollo that symbolized ancient man's early dream of flight.

Chauncey had the Dream of Flight custom-made. It took over 3,000 hours of hand-painting to complete the envelope alone. Later that same day, over a lunch of chef's salad on Malcolm Forbes' 117-foot motor yacht, *The Highlander* (which uses Donzis for runabouts), Chauncey casually mentioned he was looking to sell the Dream of Flight. "How much you asking for it?" Forbes wondered innocently enough. "Oh," Chauncey Dunn replied, dreamy and faraway, "I guess around \$17,000," and Malcolm wrote a check.

One by one, the balloons rose into formation. By the time they were all airborne, they were strung out across the skyline of Fort Lauderdale like a daisy chain several miles long.

Chauncey Dunn was really playing it cool. There are many tactics the hare can use to lose the hounds. The easiest is simply climbing and diving erratically because different wind stratas at different altitudes usually blow in different directions and this will cause the hare to zig-zag three-dimensionally. If the hounds don't duplicate its maneuvers, they can get blown way off course.

That's what happened to Kingswood Sprott, who was dueling with Chauncey in close quarters and getting the worst of it. Before too long, King had been blown several thousand yards off to the east. Chauncey reported "He's really out of it," with a delicious grin.

Now Chauncey turned his attention to shaking the other balloons. Scanning several miles ahead on his present course, Chauncey could see a metal der-



rick dredging out an artificial lake. On either side of the lake were tall piles of white sand which had already been dug out. Chauncey opened his vent and began a long descent. The hounds followed.

In the meantime, however, Kingswood Sprott had dropped down to about 200 feet and found wind strata that carried him right back into formation. "The little devil," swore Chauncey Dunn in his best "Curse-you-Red-Baron" manner.

Chauncey still had an ace up his sleeve, however, and everybody else in the pack wondered what he was trying to pull as he headed for the artificial lake. They soon found out as Chauncey adroitly piloted the Deux Cheveaux down right between the two huge mounds of dirt and the balloon stopped dead in the air. Between the two piles of sand, there was no wind!

In a flash, the other aeronauts suddenly realized what Chauncey Dunn had done. It was the oldest trick in the book. Sheltered from the wind, the hare could now wait for the hounds to pass it and really ace everybody out. The whole field was thrown into confusion. The Dream of Flight dropped into a clump of trees, bounced off the treetops like a rubber ball, floated over the first pile of sand and went down into the sickly green lake. It skipped across the surface once or twice, not even 40 yards behind the Deux Cheveaux, finally leaping over Chauncey's balloon like they were playing leapfrog.

Other balloons desperately tried to lose altitude. The only other aeronaut who was in good shape was Kingswood Sprott. When King realized what Chauncey was up to, he took the Coronet II down to 30 feet and lowered a rope to a greenskeeper of a golf course

'took the hood

who had suddenly materialized. Then he waited for Chauncey's next move.

After hovering over the lake for a few minutes, Chauncey hit the heat in the Deux Cheveaux and lifted above the wind shielding of the two piles of dirt. The breeze nudged Chauncey past Kingswood Sprott. "What are you doing?" Chauncey shouted at Kingswood, "I'm gonna fly for another hour!" King believed it. He told the greenskeeper to let go of his rope and the Coronet II popped up into the air about 300 feet and caught a good strong breeze. "Now," Chauncey snickered, "we're gonna land."

There was an open field up ahead, bisected by a single two-lane road. That's where Chauncey planned to land as Kingswood Sprott slowly disappeared over a clump of trees.

Chauncey set the Deux Cheveaux down easily on the south side of the road and piled out to go congratulate Chuck Rohr, who landed the Dream of Flight a few hundred feet to the northeast, right on the shoulder of the road. A crowd gathered immediately, caught up in all the excitement. It was raining hot air balloons. Everybody watched as balloon after balloon either landed or swept by. Several disappeared over the same trees as Kingswood Sprott, heading for a nice soft golf course. Maxie Anderson landed his "Union Gas" on the far side of the Deux Cheveaux, but the real excitement was Malcolm Forbes, who was sweeping in over the lake now, heading right for the Dream of Flight.

"That's Malcolm Forbes!" screamed Chauncey Dunn. "Quick! Move the cars!" People who had parked nearby ran to move their autos as Forbes bore in on their position. He dropped the Roberta right on the south side of the road, its red and gold envelope deflating across the two-lane road, practically draping itself across the grounded gondola of the Dream of Flight.

Malcolm Forbes and Chauncey Dunn exchanged some patter, then Chuck Rohr pushed through the little crowd that had gathered and announced, "Well, Malcolm, I think I got the angle on you," pointing at the position of the hare balloon.

"What?" cried Forbes. "Was this a race?"

off a school bus, careened off a Cadillac . . .'

"Yeah," said Chauncey. "I was the hare."

Forbes shrugged. "I thought it was gonna be a hound and hare race, but nobody told us anything. We figured everybody was just going for a ride. I saw a bunch of balloons around here and I thought it would be a nice, sociable place to put down.

"Besides," Forbes added, "I figured if I landed anywhere near Chauncey Dunn, I'd be in pretty good shape."

Meanwhile, other people were measuring distances to the hare balloon. Surprisingly, it turned out to be a three-way tie for first place! Nobody could believe it, but after pacing off the distance several times it turned out that the Dream of Flight, Malcolm's Roberta and Maxie Anderson's Union Gas were all exactly 234 feet from the Deux Cheveaux.

The astonishment was compounded by the fact that no other hound and hare race in the history of hot air ballooning had ever ended in even a two-way tie for the winner.

On that note, everybody quickly packed up and headed for some breakfast, but already the stories were starting to fly. As in any sport, doing it is only half the fun. Talking about it makes everything seem worthwhile.

Malcolm Forbes kept complaining he got rooked. "I thought Chauncey was flying the Dream of Flight," Forbes exclaimed, "so I landed as close to it as possible. Then I find out he was flying the Deux Cheveaux."

Pretty soon, people were even comparing all their old stories.

"I own about six fences, a windmill, and the roof of the Howard Johnson's Motor Lodge in Denver, Colo.,' Chauncey Dunn declared. "I got the Howard Johnson's on my FAA check-out flight, which meant the inspector was in the balloon. We got up about 3,000 feet and the flame went out. It appeared we were going to hit in the parking lot, but everything in the northern hemisphere, as it descends, revolves counter-clockwise. We were both in the bottom of the basket and all of a sudden, when we hit, there was just soot, splinters, gravel, dust and everything every which way. You couldn't see a thing. The basket is sitting on the floor and the balloon is hanging out through the hole in the roof ..."

Kingswood Sprott could top that. Kingswood loves to tell about the time he singlehandedly blacked out the entire town of Palmetto. Fla. He was coming up fast on Tampa Bay so he was trying to land when his gondola got tangled in some high tension wires. King gingerly managed to extricate himself without getting fried, but his balloon, which had been hanging there storing heat, shot straight up into the air about 300 feet. All Kingswood could see was the Gulf of Mexico all the way to the horizon so he ripped the top right out of his balloon, a move usually practiced within 10 feet of the ground

that very morning during the hound and hare race. He was swooping in for a nice soft landing on the fairway of the golf course when some guy in a golf cart pulled out right where he was going to land.

"Watch out!" Maxie screamed. "Get outta there!" But the guy started looking around on the ground and he couldn't figure out who was yelling at him. Finally Maxie shouted "Up here! Up here!" and the guy looked up and freaked out because here was this gigantic balloon practically right on top of him. His eyes bugged out and he hit the accelerator, pulling out of the way with



Bobbing cheerily in the morning light, giant aerostats prepare to float into the wild blue yonder. The limp balloon on the left gives little indication that it will soon resemble its rotund neighbors.

when you're going to land, and just sort of "nose-dived" into this little bitty baseball diamond along the water's edge.

King came crawling out of his gondola on his hands and knees, ready to kiss the ground, just grateful to be alive, when suddenly some guy screeched to a halt in his station wagon and screamed, "That was the most spectacular stunt I've ever seen in my life!" and gave Kingswood a jar of Smucker's strawberry jam. "I was very fortunate," Kingswood concluded from the episode. "I don't like grape jelly, but he gave me strawberry."

Maxie Anderson could even top that. Maxie told about what happened

only seconds to spare as the Union Gas dropped onto the fairway and deflated.

A few minutes later, the guy pulled back up in his golf cart. He wasn't mad or anything, and everybody enjoyed a hearty laugh. Then Maxie and his crew started packing up their balloon. The guy in the golf cart offered to help but Maxie said no thanks. Well, after a while Maxie noticed that the guy in the golf cart was just standing there watching them and he got a little self-conscious. Finally he looked at the guy and said "Is there anything we can do for you?"

"Yeah," the guy in the golf cart replied. "Get your balloon off my golf ball."



Polynesian Paradise

Featuring **RAY THOMPSON** Organ-Piano-Vocals Nightly



RESERVATIONS PHONE 287-2411

On the Indian River in Jensen Beach

Frances Langford's

Oriental Rugs

From a sleek modern design to a stately traditional decor, an Oriental rug knows no decorating limits.

Persian Art Gallery



Direct importers of Highest quality.

Persian, Chinese, Indian, Bukhara rugs.

(We buy your old rugs)

Sunday-Friday 10 A.M.-5 P.M. Sage Plaza One block East of U.S. 1 800 E. Hallandale Beach Blvd. 929-4744

CHESTNUTS

(Continued from page 41)

Top with remaining slices. Serve at once with quartered artichoke bottoms, sauteed in butter with finely chopped tarragon, parsley, dill, chives or cher-

LEG OF LAMB WITH CHESTNUTS 1 leg of lamb, ½ c. chicken broth

5 to 6 lbs. 1/2 c. dry white wine 1 10-oz. can unsweetened 1 c. biscotte crumbs chestnut puree or Holland Rusks

4 medium onions, sliced

Have lamb boned and tied with twine to reshape. Sprinkle with salt and pepper, dust with flour. Roast at 350 for about 2 hours (less for pink lamb). Meanwhile combine onions. broth and wine. Simmer until onions are soft. Drain, reserving cooking liquid. Puree onions in sieve or in blender. Heat chestnut puree and blend with onion puree.

When lamb is cooked to desired doneness, remove from oven and let rest 15 minutes. Slice lamb but do not cut through and do not dislodge slices. Spread the combined purees between slices, reshape the meat and tie it together to keep its shape; moisten with reserved cooking liquid. Cover with the crumbs, dot with butter. Increase oven heat to 400 degrees; roast lamb 15 to 20 minutes.

CHESTNUT CROQUETTES

3 c. mashed potatoes 1 tsp. salt (about 4 large potatoes) 1/4 tsp. white pepper 1 15-oz. can chestnut 2 tbsp. well minced onion puree, unsweetened 1 egg, well beaten 2 eggs, well beaten Fine dry bread crumbs ½ c. dry bread crumbs Fat or oil for frying

Mix mashed potatoes with chestnut puree, eggs, ½ cup bread crumbs, salt and pepper. Stir in onion and blend well. Using 2 tablespoons of the mixture, shape small sausage-shaped croquettes. Dip croquettes into beaten egg and then roll in fine dry bread crumbs. Let sit about 10 minutes before frying in fat or oil ½ inch deep, heated to 360 degrees. Do not crowd. Fry 2 to 3 minutes on each side until lightly golden. Drain on absorbent paper. Serve hot as a vegetable. Makes about 3 dozen.

In the realm of desserts, we have crepes, a sumptuous cake roll, and ice cream and chestnuts in orange shells.

CREPES WITH MARRON SAUCE

3 packages (6 oz. each) Juice and slivered rind Gervais cheese of 1 orange ¼ c. heavy cream Juice and slivered rind 16 crepes of 1 lemon 1 jar Bar-le-Duc (French 1 can (10 oz.) whole currant preserves) unsweetened marrons, 1/4 c. butter drained and crumbled ¼ c. sugar 1 tsp. vanilla 1/2 c. brandy

Mash Gervais cheese with heavy cream, spread mixture on crepes. Spoon preserves in center of each crepe. Fold

crepes into quarters. Heat butter and stir in sugar, orange rind and juice, lemon rind and juice. Simmer 5 minutes. Add vanilla, chestnuts and folded crepes.

Spoon sauce over crepes and let simmer until hot. Heat brandy in a ladle and then set aflame. Spoon flaming brandy over crepes. When flames die, serve crepes topped with a little whipped cream, if desired.

ORANGES GIVREES AUX **MARRONS**

8 large navel oranges ½ ς, marrons au naturel 1½ pts. real vanilla (whole unsweetened chestnuts) 1/4 c. Grand Marnier ice cream Marrons glaces

Cut off top third of each orange with zig-zag cuts to scallop edge. Cut a thin slice from the bottom of the orange to allow it to sit straight on a dish. Scoop out all the orange pulp. Remove membranes; dice pulp. Drain excess juice. Mix softened ice cream with orange pulp and crumbled whole chestnuts. Fold in Grand Marnier. Refreeze ice cream. When ready to serve, spoon ice cream into orange shells. Garnish plate with marrons glaces and fresh or crystallized mint leaves. Serves 8.

CHESTNUT CAKE ROLL

3 eggs 1 c. flour, sifted 1 tsp. baking powder 1 c. sugar 5 tbsp. water ¼ tsp. salt 1 tsp. vanilla

Line a 15 by 10 inch jelly roll pan with heavy-duty foil. Lightly grease bottom of foil only. Beat eggs until thick and beat in sugar, 1 tablespoon at a time; beat in water and vanilla. Sift dry ingredients. Add to batter all at once; fold in gently. Spread in pan evenly. Bake in 375 degree oven for 12 to 15 minutes. Turn out immediately onto a towel covered with granulated sugar. Remove foil carefully; trim crisp crust around edges with sharp knife. Starting at long end, roll up cake in the towel. Cool roll on rack.

Filling: 2 15%-oz. cans puree de marrons (unsweetened puree) ½ c. butter

1 tbsp. instant coffee 3/4 ,c. granulated sugar 1% c. heavy cream, whipped

4 oz. bittersweet chocolate 2 tbsp. milk

1/2 c. confectioners' sugar 1 tbsp. Cointreau

Beat chestnut puree with butter until smooth. Melt chocolate over hot water; stir in milk, vanilla, coffee and granulated sugar. Add to chestnut mixture; beat until smooth. Chill until firm. Shape into long roll about the width of cake. Unroll cake; place roll of filling at long end; reroll cake around filling. Place on serving platter. Decorate with cream whipped with confectioners' sugar and Cointreau. Garnish as desired.



Above, in a classic pose, Renee Cosmy Hulitar, the beautiful bride, and her father, Philip Hulitar. Above right, the newlyweds, Mr. and Mrs. Barry Nisbit Rowe, share a private moment.







Left, Barry Rowe is congratulated by his best man, Eliot Van Dan. Above, the newlyweds cut the wedding cake.



Above, scene of the wedding, the Caroline Church in Setauket, L.I., built in 1725. Below, with wedding champagne.





Long Island Wedding

Photos by Bradford Bachrach



Above, Mrs. Philip Hulitar dances with the bridegroom, Barry Nisbit Rowe. Right, "Somerset," home of the bride's maternal grandmother, Mrs. Charles L. Woody Jr., and scene of the reception.



Above, from left, Mrs. Robert Louis Rowe, Mr. and Mrs. Barry Rowe, Lynn Rowe and Mr. Robert Louis Rowe. Below, the newlyweds are flanked by Stefani Hulitar, left, and Mr. and Mrs. Philip Hulitar.



PALM BEACH LIFE — AUGUST 1975

Hound Ears. Where the world disappears.

High above the ordinary world, there's an extraordinary little resort known to only a discerning few. Here in North Carolina's breathtaking Blue Ridge Mountains, Hound Ears awaits those who will settle for nothing less than the finest. In golf, and tennis, and food, and service, and accommodations. (With cool, crisp mountain air that helps drop temperatures and golf scores below 80.)

For parents who cherish their children, we have a small summer program which introduces boys and girls to the wonders of the out of doors during the day, and returns them to you for a delicious country dinner at night. We invite you to write for information and rates on our accommodations.

Hound Ears. Dept. PB., P.O. Box 277, Blowing Rock, North Carolina, 28605, (704) 963-4321.

Hound Ears.
Where the world disappears.



Superior Furniture Showrooms

"Home Furnishing Mart"

COMPLETE INTERIOR DESIGN

CARPETS - DRAPES

IMPORT - ACCESSORIES

and

IMMEDIATE DELIVERY



32 S. DIXIE HIGHWAY LAKE WORTH, FLORIDA 582-9936 582-5626 THE EVERGLADES CLUB

(Continued from page 39) ents marked a new era in Palm Beach history.

Addison Mizner, at age 45, arrived in Palm Beach a very sick man, with heart and leg ailments and others, real and imagined. Perhaps a contributing factor to his illness was a reported \$60,000 in unpaid debts.

During his decade-long stay in Palm Beach, Mizner acquired a reputation for eccentricity, both in his personal life and in his work. He was taken with walking around town with a monkey and a macaw on each shoulder, leading two other monkeys on a leash. (Johnnie Brown, "the human monkey," was his favorite simian pet, and is buried in Worth Avenue's Via Mizner.)

Mizner's architectural quirks were equally outre. He was not legally recognized as an architect until the 1930s, near the end of his life. But Mizner had no use for official recognition. When the state of Florida established an architects' board, he promptly declared that it was not needed to prove he was an architect.

Although heavily influenced by Spanish architecture, his style was eclectic, to say the least. During his world travels, Mizner had accumulated a large collection of favorite pictures and sketches which he had bound into folios. It is said that in designing a building he would gather his assistants around him and say, "The front entrance is to be like this, page 6." Then, turning to another page of his folio, he would find the proper balcony, for example, until his staff was presented

'... architectural fantasies ran wild'

with a list of instructions: balcony, page 9, side window, page 22, etc.

When asked about his mixture of Ionic and Moorish styles in the Everglades Club's central patio, Mizner responded: "I happened to come across the Ionics in a book of photographs, liked 'em, and I stuck 'em on!"

Despite such bravura, Mizner's architectural genius has never been seriously questioned. And many of the less-than-complimentary anecdotes about him derive from his own brand of tongue-in-cheek humor.

His near-legendary statement, "Construction first, blueprints afterward," and the oft-repeated tale of his

neglecting to include a staircase on a house he had designed, may well be more attributable to wry wit than to strict adherence to fact. Certainly, though, Mizner's fanciful creative ability depended on more than a slide rule and sketch pad.

Mizner once said: "I never begin to design a home without first imagining some sort of romance about it. Once I have my story, the plans shape easily."

He admitted that his goal was "to make a building look traditional and as though it had fought its way from a small, unimportant structure to a great, rambling house that took centuries of different needs and ups and downs of wealth to accomplish.

"I sometimes start a house with a Romanesque corner, pretend that it has fallen into disrepair and been added to in the Gothic spirit, when suddenly the great wealth of the New World has poured in and the owner has added a very rich Renaissance addition."

Paris Singer, youngest of some two dozen children of Isaac Singer, the sewing machine magnate, arrived in Palm Beach about the same time as Mizner, towards the end of the first World War. His finances were in considerably better shape than Mizner's, Singer being a millionaire many times over, but his love life, an affair with dancer Isadora Duncan, was in turmoil. They had come to Palm Beach with the idea of establishing a winter school of dance, but a quarrel ended that dream, and their romance as well. Singer then turned his attention to building things, always a favorite avocation of his, and fortuitously ran into Mizner.

The two pooled their efforts, and in 1918 construction began on Worth Avenue. There are conflicting reports, however, as to what Singer and Mizner actually intended to build.

In Paris Singer's own words, "The beauty of the country and the delight of the climate so captivated us (himself and Mizner) from the start that we stayed on; but were both too active minded to lie around in the sun doing nothing. The Great War was still on and I decided to build a home for wounded officers; Addison was to be the architect.

"Before the hospital was finished the Peace came along and we decided to turn the building into a club — The Everglades."

One of the more persuasive theories holds that Singer and Mizner never had any intention of building a

hospital; rather, the idea of establishing the new exclusive Palm Beach club was in their minds from the very beginning.

During wartime, however, building permits and materials were hard to come by, and some surmise that Singer announced his intention of building a convalescent home in order to circumvent the strict regulations on construc-

If, indeed, it had become a hospital, it would have been one heck of a hospital. To decorate the building. Singer had shipped from Europe much of his vast collection of rare antiques tapestries, paintings, Chinese sculpture,

'their skepticism turned into awe . . .

old Spanish furniture, Alpujarra rugs and rare carved paneling from ancient Spanish churches. Singer also acquired hand-carved doors from a monastery in Crete, tiles from a Mediterranean mosque and enormous castle beams from England.

Given a nearly unlimited budget and exquisite antiques, Mizner's architectural fantasies ran wild. He had a passion for the grand scale, the romantic, luxurious and exotic - and he gave vent to these passions with gusto.

Spanish tile roofs, giant fireplaces, beamed and painted pecky cypress ceilings, overpass balconies, winding staircases, interior courtyards, fountains, lofty rooms and corridors accented with ancient wood and wrought iron and tiles - all blended into the great, rambling structure that was gradually taking shape. Mizner dryly noted, "I based my design largely on the old architecture of Spain, with important modifications to meet Florida conditions and modern ways of living."

Palm Beach residents watched with curiosity mingled with vague concern as the "Spanish monstrosity" grew. But when it was completed (in an astonishing eight months), and the townspeople caught their first breathtaking glimpse of the lush patios, the grandiose courts and halls, and the unique, soon-to-be-enclosed "Orange Garden" filled with thriving orange trees, their skepticism turned into awe.

Addison Mizner instantly became the darling of Palm Beach society, besieged by requests to design private homes. And Paris Singer, already a sartorial smash with his informal European attire, became Palm Beach's social lion.

As founder, owner and president of the new club, it was only natural that Singer exercised autocratic power. Invitations to join the Everglades Club were issued annually, and only to those whom Singer considered worthy of membership. He approved all the rules and regulations of the club, and even stipulated that guest lists for private parties at the club be submitted to him for approval.

Evening dress was strictly de rigueur, and it was not unknown for Singer to personally reprimand a member whose choice of attire overstepped Singer's bounds of propriety.

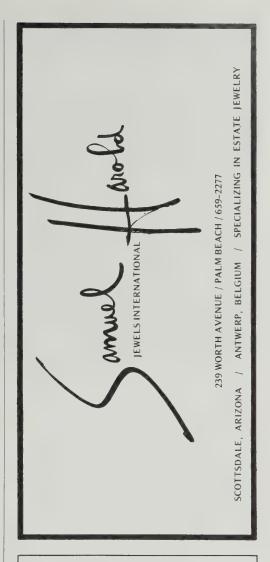
It was decided that membership would be limited to an elite 300. For their boating pleasure, a fleet of five motor launches was moored at the club dock on Lake Worth, alongside several gondolas for nighttime use. An ample supply of fresh flowers and vegetables was assured, thanks to five greenhouses built at Mizner's insistence. By the next season, a nine-hole golf course and three wood-surfaced tennis courts (reportedly the first in the nation) made their appearance. The Orange Garden was the scene of daily tea dances, and the midday Sunday dinner was the social highlight of the week.

Despite the success of the club, both Singer and Mizner harbored other schemes. Wishing to expand his interests, Singer financed the construction of the Blue Heron Hotel on what is still known as Singer Island, just north of Palm Beach.

At the same time, Mizner, who had been busily creating palatial homes for his Palm Beach admirers, purportedly became disenchanted with Palm Beach (some say because his Everglades Club membership was revoked for "lack of couth," others say because of his annoyance with the club's "No pets" rule) and invested heavily in the small community of Boca Raton, 35 miles to the south. There he hoped to build his "dream city." Evincing his bitterness, Mizner is said to have vowed that Palm Beach would become the servants' quarters for Boca Raton.

But in 1926, the Florida land boom became the Florida land bust, and both Singer and Mizner were financially ruined. Singer soon left for Europe and died there in 1932. A year later, Mizner died in Palm Beach, a penniless and disillusioned man.

But today, the Everglades Club, perhaps their greatest monument, still stands in all its glory, a pillar of the town they helped to build.





ADORNEAU



Outstanding value describes this sumptuous Saxony Plush with today's most fashionable texture. Its surface is packed with thick nylon yarns for easy care & durability.

26 decorator colors

Carpet Showcase



3234 South Dixie West Palm Beach, Florida 833-3230 - 655-1500 Ask For: Walter Rieckhoff





Phipps/Uptown/Plaza on Peachtree Road features four notable stores — Saks Fifth Avenue, Lord & Taylor, Tiffany's and W & J Sloane. A mall cafe provides for shopping "breaks."

LITTLE CITIES WITHIN A BIG CITY
(Continued from page 16)

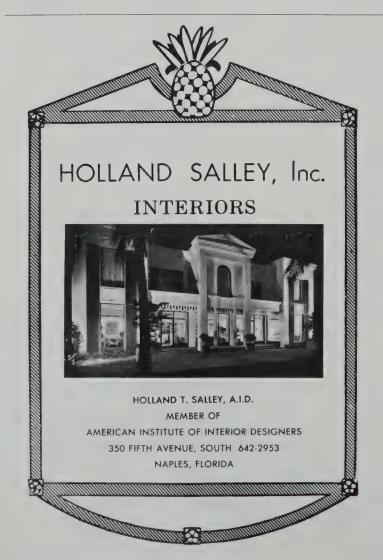
shovel, an Indian spear was used to symbolically break the ground for Cumberland Mall. The land was once used extensively by Indians as a camping ground, and Chief Nockahoma, mascot of the Atlanta Braves baseball team, was on hand for the ground breaking.

From Jan. 1, 1974, to Dec. 31, 1974, the first full year of operation, the traffic counters at the entrance to

Cumberland tabulated 5 million cars entering the parking lots. That is 12 million people, which equals Disney World's crowds during its first year of operation.

There are over 120 stores in the mall which consists of several levels. A circular courtyard is in the center interior, and there is an immense circular gallery where weary shoppers may relax and watch the crowds go by. Beneath is a reflecting pool. The extensive use of lush greens in terraced gardens throughout the interior gives a beautiful and elegant look. Skylights bring the sunshine in and give shoppers a feeling of shopping in a garden resort.

Phipps/Uptown/Plaza is on Peachtree Road, just north of Lenox Square, and was opened in March, 1969. Its floor space is 500,000 square feet. Four of New York's notable stores are represented here — Saks Fifth Avenue, Lord and Taylor, W. & J. Sloane and Tiffany's. Among the 55 tenants are movie theaters, a mall cafe and smart restaurants — the Pleasant Peasant which overlooks the mall, the Bird Cage located in Lord and Taylor, and Harry Barrons delicatessen.



entrust your valuable paintings to those experienced in the fine art of packing

when paintings are shipped to exhibitions or for return to lenders from completed exhibitions...the 7 santini brothers give this specialized protection...

- glassine paper wrapped with corner pads added and stapled to stretcher
- waterproof paper lined plywood box
- painting braced securely in box
- screwed box cover
- specification packed for transport by air, land and sea.

(also available—polyurethane corner pads especially recommended for cornered frames!)



2300 Witt Street west palm beach, florida te 686-1200 - code 305

449 west 49th street new york 19, new york tel. code 212 columbus 5-3317 teletype 212-824-6550 cable: sevantini, n. y. (Continued from page 21)

Perusing pictures in a book, it is easy to perceive ballooning as a sport for introverts (you see them sailing away there all alone in silent beauty), or at least as a pastime for gentlemen, who employ a ground crew to look after the mundane details.

Not so. Sid and Tom wrestled a heavy wicker-covered gondola out of the pickup, assisted by people who converged from nearby balloons which all the time were inflating and sailing away. Everybody helps everybody else, it turns out.

They set the gondola on one side on the ground while they pulled out and spread over the mesa one of the biggest sport balloons made — 60 feet in diameter with a capacity of 100,000 cubic feet. Named the Roadrunner, it looked awe-inspiring even while stretched out inert.

As two men held the throat open and others flapped the balloon looser and looser, the aeronauts aimed a motor-driven two-foot fan into it to begin inflation with cool air. Only later did Sid start the roaring stream of hot air from the two propane burners needed to fill it.

Slowly, the huge pod seemed to breathe, to acquire life. Tom earlier had emphasized safety, and sure enough, the two aeronauts walked right through the throat to inspect the envelope inside. Silhouettes of people inspecting it outside showed against the white nylon.

In less time than you'd expect, perhaps 20 minutes, the giant balloon raised itself upright and the crew held tight to the ground lines while Sid, a sightseeing retired couple and our photographer climbed in and surged straight up to a mighty blast of propane.

Already Tom and friends were unpacking a gold-and-white striped aerostat from a black molded gondola, spreading it out and inflating it from one large burner. It measured 50 feet in diameter and had a 56,000-cubic-foot capacity, about the size most pilots were flying that day. It sprang alive, stood up, and Tom and I climbed into the basket while our friendly helpers held the ropes.

Tom handed me a terribly practical blue motorcycle helmet. I had noticed other aeronauts wearing them on takeoff.

"Be sure to have it on when we land, too," he said. "Don't worry, it's just a safety precaution. And face in the direction in which we land."

He pulled a lever and up we went to the roar of the propane burner a couple of feet above our heads. The two gas tanks were stashed in corners of the gondola, but we had plenty of moving room.

It felt very natural to be up there, floating in the cool dry air. The New Mexico landscape, always dramatic, looked even more so: the bold, snow-crowned mass of the Sandia Mountains to the east; the five small extinct volcanoes to the west; still further west, the white-capped peak of Mount Taylor, 70 miles away; and to the north, the big blue and red mesas beyond the town of Bernalillo — all familiar to us, but brought into a new perspective.

Between blasts from the burner that kept us up or took us higher, we conversed in a civilized tone. By that time, 13 or 14 balloons splashed inverted drops of color through the air around us. The turquoise pickup our ground crew drove and the pickups following other pilots rushed about the grid of dirt roads below that had been laid out for a land development.

'. . . aeronauts who unexpectedly set down in back yards'

Ballooning is one of the fastest-growing sports in the United States. Albuquerque now has 40 sport balloons, the largest number per capita (300,000) in the nation, and on that basis regards itself as the Balloon Capital of the World. Ballooning, the eight-year-old journal of the Balloon Federation of America, is published there. The local club, incidentally, is called the Albuquerque Aerostat Ascension Association.

Aerostat prices begin at about \$4600, but after that expense, Tom insisted, it costs only \$4 an hour to fly one, including the propane. Usually groups of at least four persons buy a balloon together, because you have to have that many to get it into the air.

The Balloon Federation of America oversees the sport and holds seminars for the Federal Aviation Association, which monitors safety regulations for balloon pilots as it does for airplane pilots. For a private license you must have 10 hours of flight training and pass a written test covering weather and flight regulations. For a commercial license, which Tom and Sid neces-

sarily have, you need 35 hours of training.

Tom has been flying only three years. Sid is a converted plane pilot. Tom got hooked when he promoted a balloon race in April, 1972, for the radio station he worked for.

When they promoted the first World Hot Air Balloon Championships in Albuquerque, it marked the first world championship ever held and established ballooning as a valid competitive sport. The excitement of ballooning caught on all over town during the meet, as always-friendly New Mexicans greeted surprise visits by just-assurprised aeronauts, who unexpectedly set down in back yards or at busy crosstown intersections.

And what spectator will ever forget the peak experience of that mass ascension of 125 colorful balloons against the dramatic backdrop of the rugged Sandias that last day of the meet? Too literally fabulous to be photographed or described adequately.

As aerostat after aerostat descended, we rendezvoused at the launch site. A whole ice chest of beer appeared, and everyone imbibed. There I put together my portrait of an aeronaut. He or she is a friendly person who has a talent for sharing. He does not try to impress anyone — yet his ambience lets you know he regards himself as special.

Even among themselves an aeronaut may set himself off subtly. One attractive man, whose brightly checkered balloon had been thumped down by a capricious wind, said that it was a *British*-made balloon, and he unobtrusively drank a different brand of beer than the one everybody else drank.

At the end of the morning, about eight people who had taken their maiden flights knelt before a group of seasoned aeronauts. A pretty woman in a marvelous fur cap welcomed the first-timers back to terra firma by sprinkling bits of Mother Earth on each shoulder and splashing beer in each mouth while another aeronaut read:

May the wind welcome you
with softness —
May the sun bless you
with his warm hands.
May you fly so high and
so well that God joins
you in laughter —
And may He set you
gently back again
into the loving arms of
Mother Earth.
"The Balloonist's Irish Blessing"

by Marlene Remington

61



You and Your Sign

By James Laklan

LEO (July 23-Aug. 22)

Some subtle undermining appears during this period. While this may be an attack on either a position you hold or a place you have in someone's esteem, it could also be against a pet project of yours. Your best counterattack lies in outperforming your detractors, rather than exposing them. Look more to Candide than Elmer Gantry for guidelines.

This is a time to avoid busy work. Spend your energies on main interests. Concentrating on a single area of action isn't a favorite Leo method, but right now it could pay off.

Avoid relying too much on past achievements, and don't look for emotional bargains. They will be too expensive.

VIRGO (Aug. 23-Sep. 22)

This appears, in part, to be a month of preparation for you. Plans for future events may occupy a good deal of your time. You seem to be in a transitional period.

A decision you make toward mid-month can have considerable influence. Better have as much information as possible on hand. As Gertrude Stein noted, unfamiliarity breeds contempt, and you could lose much by failing to have your facts straight.

You may be tempted to be involved in too much action during this time and be eager to please (or impress) too many people. This can dissipate the very effect you wish to create. As someone has said: "To be exclusive, one must exclude; to be desirable, one must be unobtainable." At least to a degree.

LIBRA (Sep. 23-Oct. 22)

As Arnold Bennett wrote: "Not everything funny is a joke," and Libra — prone to use laughter as a cover-up — will be reminded of this during this period. There is a disappointment, and it appears to come from an unexpected quarter.

However, the disappointment may have a silver lining. It can force a decision which might not have been made otherwise, and results should be brighter than anticipated.

Congenial surroundings are important at this time. Libra is sensitive to environment and to color. Banish the irritants about you at this time — and you will notice them if you look.

Try to sort out your real feelings about a certain situation. Your ambivalent emotions can muddy each other like colors on an overcrowded palette.

SCORPIO (Oct. 23-Nov. 22) You may find yourself caught in a love-hate relationship at this time — and it may be with yourself. On the one hand you see your abilities and your charms. On the other hand, you are dissatisfied with your performance.

This is a time when your criticism (self and otherwise) will tend to be sharp. You would seem to be having an attack of what Tacitus labeled deinosis — seeing everything in its worst light — and taking pleasure in the exercise.

This, like any purgative, has its uses. And Scorpio, more than most signs, is aware of this. An overdose, however, is not recommended. Have a bit of a hedonistic whirl.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23-Dec. 21)

Something you have wanted rather badly could materialize this month. You have been working toward it (instead of wishing for it — Sagittarius sometimes confuses the two).

This should be a busy period for you both socially and otherwise. You will tend to find yourself in an optimistic and creative mood. Some doubts you have harbored should recede.

There can be a reunion with a person or persons whom you enjoy and find stimulating. Your need of approval (and those of this sign often tend to be less productive when approval is lacking) should be quite well fulfilled.

Do allocate some time for reflection, and for the simple pleasures. Let a bit of andante tranquillo slip into the days.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 22-Jan. 19)

This should be a good period for Capricorn. Your opinion is very apt to be sought, your advice requested and, since you should be feeling very competent and confident, you will welcome giving assistance. Ideas for some future event may be multiplying in your mind and, in your usual fashion, you may spend a considerable amount of time refining and organizing them. You will have some opposition.

You may find yourself mingling with a good many people, not all of whom are well known to you, and you may find it difficult to accept some of their ideas. You are not going to bend some of them toward your point of view, and may find this quite refreshing. You relish a worthy adversary.

You may also find yourself increasingly involved with someone who basically irritates you, yet you seem at a loss to extricate yourself. It will probably take some blunt action.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 20-Feb. 19)

Somebody once said that something always happens to Aquarians, and there's a good deal of truth in this. If one interest palls, Aquarius can find a new one.

Aquarians can sometimes out-Sarg the late Tony, manipulating people and places with the cleverest skill. There is seldom any malice in such Aquarian puppeteering, but not everyone enjoys the marionette role. Someone important to you is feeling restless. Puppet strings can snap.

Most Aquarians would like a good deal of activity during this period, and would like to be away from familiar milieux and routines. Necessary work is apt to be done as perfunctorily as possible, freeing maximum time for more quixotic pur-

PISCES (Feb. 20-March 20)

This month might be called a collector's item for Pisces. Wherever you are or whatever you are doing, you will be receptive. Nuances will have importance.

Meditation may appeal to you, and you may choose to affiliate yourself with one group or another (if you already haven't). While the average Piscean does not have any great talent for self-disciplined action, this could be the exception.

This could be a period when you find it more rewarding

to see friends one at a time or in small congenial groups, a time when you find sharing ideas more interesting than trading gossip. You may find yourself collecting some new impressions — including new ones of people and places you have long known. Some may surprise you.

ARIES (March 21-April 19)

During this month a good many Arians may be practicing their penchant for positivity a little too firmly. While you will undoubtedly be in a decision-making position, try not to be right all the time (or at least not to appear so even if you are). You might give some passing thought to the old saying: "To err is human, to forgive divine."

Your patience may be tested when it comes to handling a certain situation which you think should be dispatched with little more than a finger snap. The trouble is that someone involved is deadly serious, and is going to be difficult to move.

Toward the end of the month you may receive stimulating news which should activate your sense of enterprise.

TAURUS (April 20-May 20)

This period appears to be orchestrated to practicality. A good many Taurean decisions will be made on such grounds. Since this is in one sense a form of mastery, most Taureans will enjoy the exercise.

There may be a temptation to be a bit too calculating—those of this sign sometimes miss the main event because they spend too much time on the preliminaries. They sometimes have to remind themselves, too, that not everything worthwhile offers an equal return.

Some of the Taureans' this-month planning will prove both effective and useful. Some, while it may be neither, will satisfy a certain facet of the inner-Taurean. But those of this sign may well discover that the most enjoyable times come unexpectedly and with no apparent practical aspect.

GEMINI (May 21-June 20)

The typical Gemini will allocate as much of this period as possible to pleasure. This can be as simple and unaffected as Down East rocking on the front porch, as lush as a Mancini score, or anything in between. Whatever the choice,

the pursuit of happiness is important.

This pursuit is not to be confused with Gemini restlessness or with the sign's nervous energy. It is positive and palliative. Gemini is an intense sign, versatile and mentally active, and those born to it often drive themselves too hard.

This is not a good time for Gemini to finalize long-range decisions — and this is particularly true where there is emotional involvement.

CANCER (June 21-July 22)

The typical Cancerian would prefer to spend this month at home, and is apt to be vaguely dissatisfied with accommodations, entertainment or what-not offered anywhere else — unless it has a fond memory tie.

Those of this sign could tend to welcome reunions at this time and may involve themselves in nostalgic plans and programs. They may also drift into rose-colored daydreams of past activities and associations which will perhaps be more satisfying than any actual revival.

Those closest to Cancerians may find them somewhat defensive and difficult to understand during this time, and on more than one occasion overly emotional, quite possibly because they are somewhat at odds with themselves. Toward the end of the period when their direction seems clearer, the ambience should improve.



SEA CAT

64' FIBERGLASS SPORTFISHERMAN



J. B. HARGRAVE naval architects, inc.

(305) 833-8567

205½ SIXTH STREET WEST PALM BEACH, FLORIDA

PALM BEACH LIFE - AUGUST 1975



The vine-covered Castle Hotel, Taunton, Somerset, dates from the 1300s. Often visited by royalty, the hotel has 52 rooms and is especially convenient for touring the west country.

AN ENGLISHMAN'S HOME
(Continued from page 45)

house hotels are almost always ownermanaged. It is a personal rather than a merely professional voice that urges you to try the fresh strawberries or inquires whether you have visited the bar newly installed next to the wine cellar.

For all this, prices are moderate. A double room with private bath will be no more than \$25 or \$30 including breakfast, and may be as little as \$15.

Complete dinners start at less than \$5. Because there is a 10-12 per cent service charge added to the bill, there is virtually no tipping. Stays of three days or more can be made still more economical by taking a half-board plan.

Ideally, one should write in advance to the British Tourist Authority, 64 St. James's Street, London SW1A, 1NF, England, enclosing \$1.70 for their book, Recommended Country Hotels of Britain and/or \$6 for Egon Ronay's Dunlop Guide in the current edition. Both of these publications are updated annually and include specific information regarding prices, amenities and so forth. The Ronay Guide includes all varieties of accommodations and restaurants throughout Britain, with useful maps as well.

To try a country house hotel is to be torn with the desire to return there versus the wish to try another and another. For it is not merely beauty and comfort that continue the attraction. It is rather the pleasure that comes of being even so briefly a part of a vanished era. From the window the view is of Milton's "green and pleasant land." A pre-neon, pre-plastic world brings out the gentry in all of us.





